

JANUARY 22, 1979

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TIME

SUPER BOWL XIII
It's Staubach
vs. Bradshaw

America and Russia Where We Stand

Brezhnev:
An Exclusive
Interview



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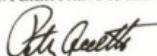
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"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

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Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



Vantage

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11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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A Letter from the Publisher

Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan is accustomed to covering diplomatic affairs, but in recent weeks he played diplomat as well as painstakingly negotiating the final details of a meeting with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Nelan was successful, and last Tuesday he and a team of TIME journalists joined Brezhnev in his Kremlin office to conduct the extraordinary discussion that is part of this week's cover story. Never before had the party chief held a private interview with members of an American news organization.

A graduate of Columbia University's Russian Institute and a former State Department correspondent for TIME, Nelan is an expert on Soviet affairs who knows how slowly and carefully the Kremlin's bureaucracy usually moves. But Nelan's latest assignment demonstrated how swiftly that same bureaucracy can function when the word is passed by its highest echelons. Within hours after permission for the interview was suddenly granted, visas were ready at the Soviet embassy in Washington for Corporate Editor Henry Grunwald and Managing Editor Ray Cave. Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan received his summons to

Moscow while in Jordan on another assignment. No problem: a telegram from Moscow to Amman was all that was needed to clear Duncan's entry into the Soviet Union.

On the morning of the interview, Brezhnev formally gave his guests a red leather folder containing his prepared answers to those questions that had been submitted in advance and then answered additional questions from TIME's delegation. The contents of the folder became an immediate souvenir for

Nelan; the answers were typed in Russian, with Brezhnev's signature on the last page.

Nelan was greatly helped in organizing the meeting by TIME's Felix Rosenthal, a resident of Moscow and a Soviet citizen, who reports that the week had more stress and excitement than any other he has experienced since starting with TIME Inc. in 1963. Said Rosenthal: "Representing an American organization puts me between the hammer and the sickle." As for Nelan, he was left with one lasting impression. Working out the protocol and the complications of the interview, he says diplomatically, "gave me new insights into the problems of finishing up the SALT treaty."



Brezhnev with Grunwald (right) and TIME delegation

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Super Bowl: They are the men on the spot, the two quarterbacks who must excel under pressure if their teams are to win. TIME visits the Dallas Cowboys' Roger Staubach and the Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry Bradshaw. See SPORT.

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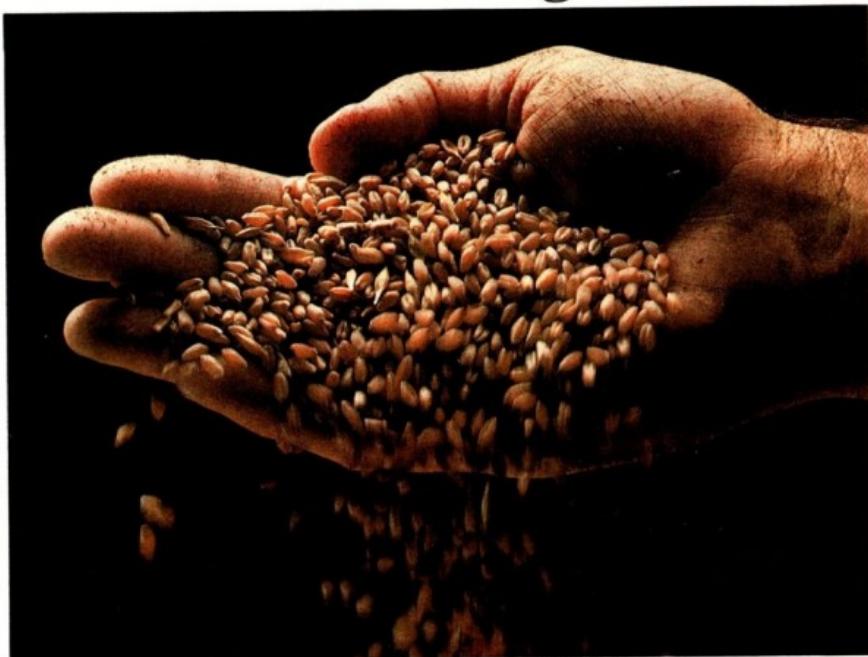
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Judges do not just judge any more; they legislate, make policy, even administer. Has the U.S. spawned an Imperial Judiciary?

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**Until now it took over 50 days
and 14 tons of machinery just to plant
these seeds in the ground.**



To plant this wheat, today's farmer must pull four separate machines over the same soil. Consuming energy with every step.

But now Phillips Petroleum has helped develop a better way. We worked with the University of Idaho to create a system that tills, fertilizes, plants, and replaces the soil in a single step.



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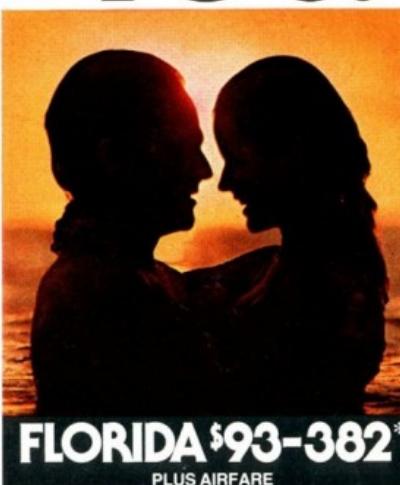
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EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY

Letters

Man of the Year

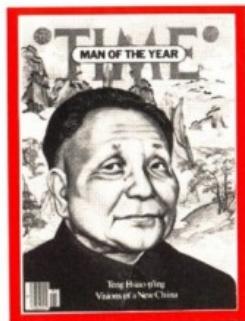
To the Editors:

Teng Hsiao-ping [Jan. 1], an inspiring statesman of ability, insight and decisiveness guiding a vast modernization program for one-quarter of the world's humanity, is certainly the right choice as Man of the Year for 1978.

Francis K.S. Koo
Mayaguez, P.R.

Great selection! It's time. Teng has demonstrated that he is a foxy guy, but then, what world leader has not revealed some characteristics of the fox?

Richard D. Davis
Ventura, Calif.



Teng is not the man of this or any year. The world would be far better off if genocidal Asian despots found more worthwhile projects than propping up the sagging careers of inept U.S. Presidents.

Tom Brewer
Atlanta

As a prisoner of the Red Chinese in North Korea (1951-53), I would never have believed that I would see one of them as TIME's Man of the Year.

J.B. Smith
Colonel, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Denver

Your selection of Teng Hsiao-ping as Man of Anything is a disgrace. You folks need to go outside for some air to clear your heads.

John P. Stieb
St. Charles, Mo.

Is Teng Hsiao-ping Man of the Year for realizing that Communist "peasant" ideology is bankrupt?

James I. Faison
Oakland, Calif.

Your selection of China's Teng Hsiao-ping is certainly to be applauded. However, were it not for the political insight

The merger of

Lykes Corporation

into

The LTV Corporation

has become effective.

The undersigned initiated this transaction and acted as financial advisor to Lykes Corporation.



The First Boston Corporation

December 7, 1978

ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to buy, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras

and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important

the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.



Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.



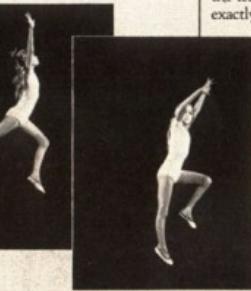
that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus

factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets



Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter

for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter.

so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the

patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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Don't miss this collector's item. Get a copy at your newsstand the week of February 12th...before they're sold out. (SI subscribers at the time of publication will receive THE YEAR IN SPORTS as part of their subscription.)

Letters

and admirable leadership on the world scene of our own Jimmy Carter. Teng would never have been in the running.

William S. Daniel
St. Louis

Tragic Image

Naturally, Images [Jan. 1] could not have included every event of this sort, but the violence in Lebanon that has caused immense devastation and misery, and threatens to attain wider and more sinister proportions in the region, was absent from your account. A tragedy of this order should have been included.

Habib Malik
Cambridge, Mass.

In regard to your incredibly unenlightened and sexist remark that Golda Meir "could be as unbending as any man": I deeply resent your identification of inflexibility as a male trait. What you want to say, I'm sure, is that when she felt it necessary to be so, Mrs. Meir could be as hard-nosed as any international politician, most of whom happen to be male.

Douglas Barber
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Really. Comparing Golda Meir with a man is like comparing a shark with a tuna.

Barb Quade
Nancy Ogle
Hastings, Minn.

Mexico's "Mystical" Oil

Yes, as you say in your story on Mexico's oil [Dec. 25], Mexicans are mystically attached to their resources, suspicious of their gringo neighbors. Yet, when you look into Mexico's past and see how the country's resources were exploited, mostly for the benefit of foreigners, you wonder if the xenophobia is not justified.

Eduardo Wehner
Mexico City

State of the Language

I found myself in total agreement with Mr. Kanfer's Essay on the dubious state of our language [Jan. 1]. Though I'm only 25 years old, I find it almost impossible to communicate with my 19-year-old brother, who spouts forth such unintelligible phrases as "icked out" and "icked up." (Yes, he says there is a difference between them.)

Now, thanks to TIME we have a new "ism" to haunt our hopefully liberal conscience. You've given us "ageism."

Robert Mark Penna
Boston

How is it that in the same issue as your delightfully acerbic Essay on "neologisms, coinages and other abuses" of the English language, men like Ibsen and Nietzsche were "astrodomed." Frank

The cover features the title 'Sports Illustrated' at the top, followed by 'SPECIAL ISSUE'. Below this is a large, bold title 'THE YEAR IN SPORTS' with a diagonal banner below it reading 'DON'T MISS THIS SPECIAL ISSUE!'. The background of the main title area is filled with black and white photographs of various athletes and sports scenes. At the bottom, there is a call to action: 'Pick up a copy wherever magazines are sold'.

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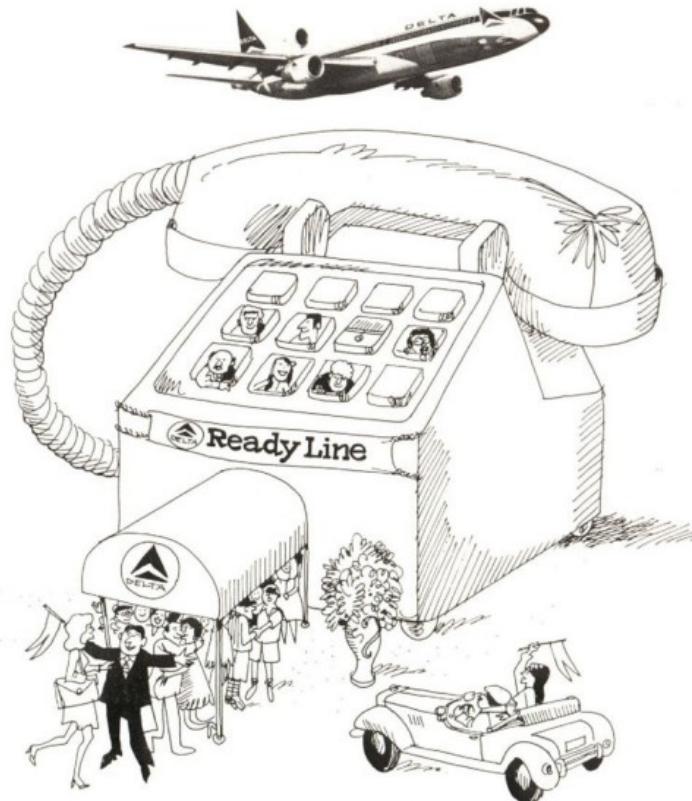
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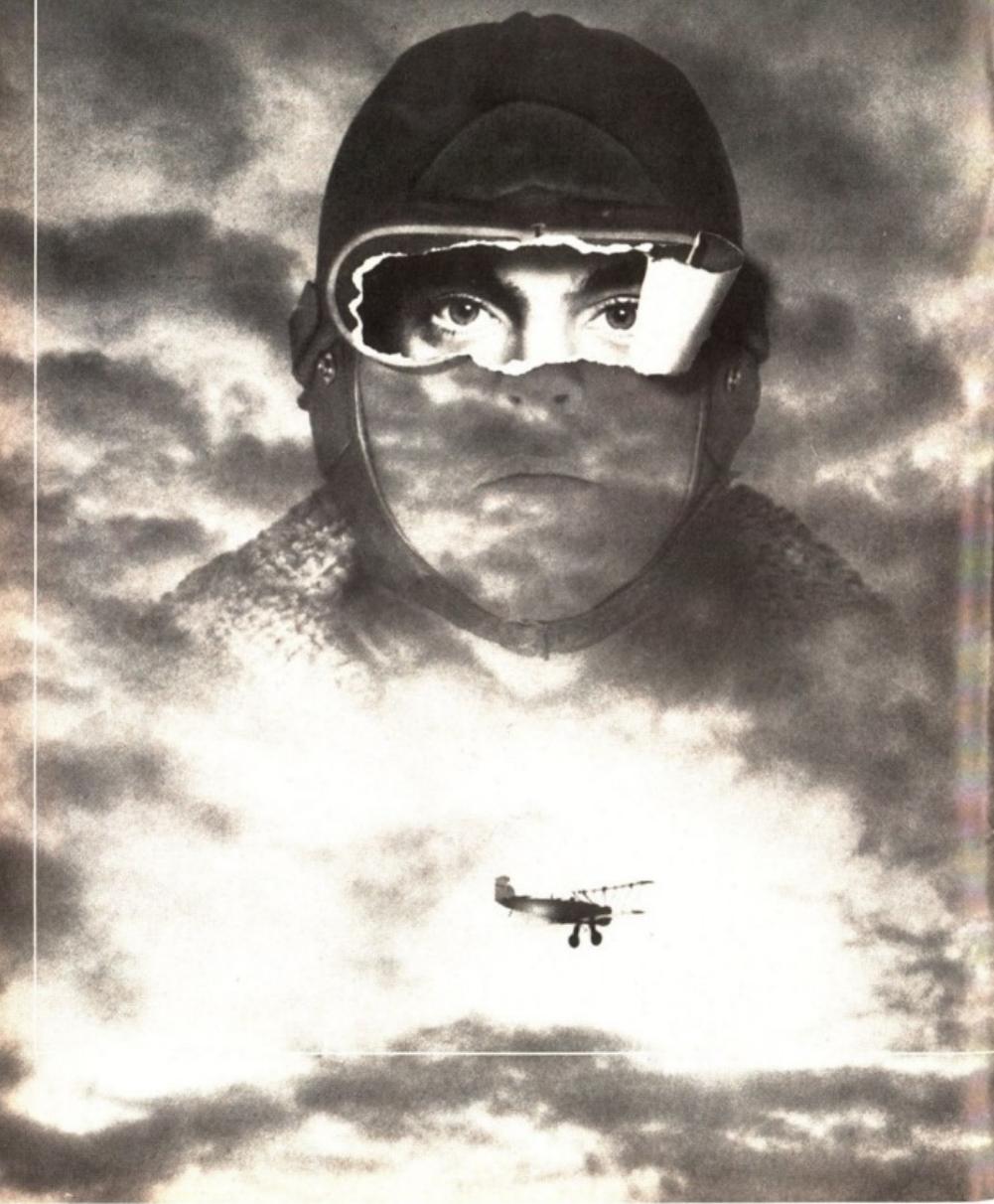
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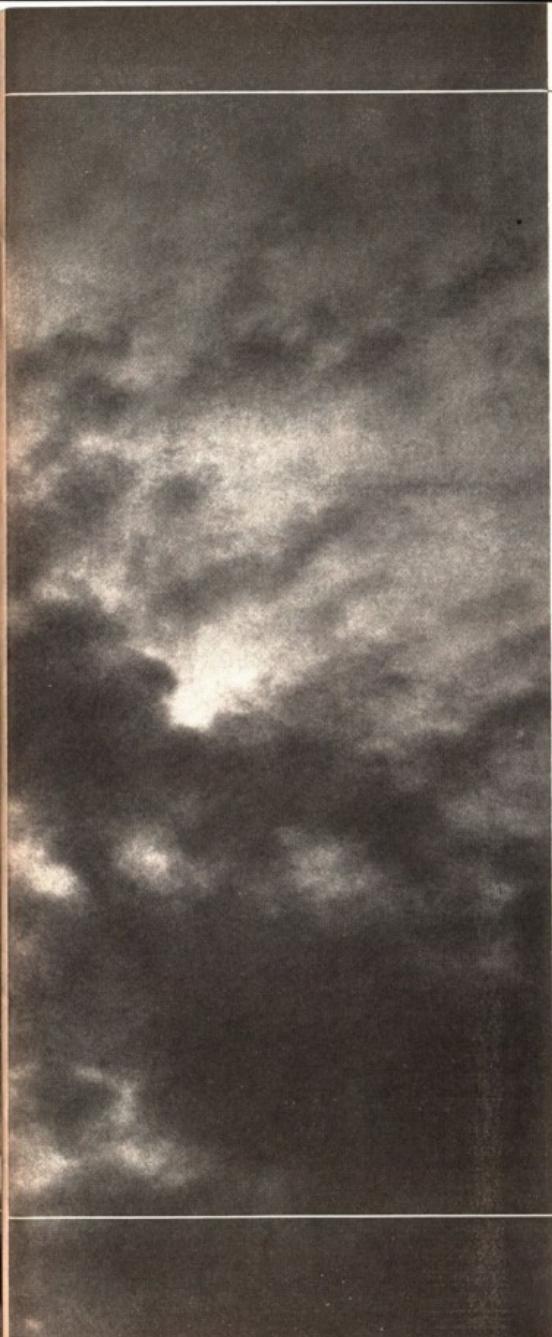
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“Night Flight” by Antoine de Saint Exupéry, 1932





"They flew in submission to those elemental divinities—day, night, mountain, sea and storm."

They were the men who pioneered night flying in the 1920s, and upon whom Saint Exupéry based his heroic and tragic character, Fabien.

Fabien fought for his life in a flying machine with little more than an engine and a radio.

Had he been given the "vision" Singer gives pilots today, the story of "Night Flight" might have taken a different turn.

For the "vision" Singer provides is an inertial navigation system that lets a pilot know where he is at all times. . .in the calm, in the storm, day and night. No matter where and how he turns. Because it gathers all its information internally, rather than on radio waves or external reference points.

In fact, this is the system in the new F-16. As part of an agreement that turned out to be the aircraft competition of the century, over 3,000 planes with this Singer system will be produced in the U.S. and several NATO countries. The pilots will train in simulators designed by our Link Division.

Supporters of the F-16 point out that it can take off and climb vertically 30,000 feet before reaching the end of the runway. Certainly that thrust, guided by the Singer system, could have delivered Fabien from the cyclone he faced that terrible dark night.

And although the risks are steadily decreasing, very few endeavors still hold out the spirit and sense of adventure of flying.

For this reason, Singer has produced a special 30-minute film version of Saint Exupéry's classic "Night Flight." We think you and your family will enjoy reliving the night Fabien set out from Patagonia to Buenos Aires with the night mail. It is a tribute to the ability of man to rise to enormous heights

SINGER

Tune in Trevor Howard in "Night Flight," starring Bo Svenson, Céline Lomez,
week of January 21. Consult local TV listings.



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Letters

Wedeckind "psychographed" his subject. Von Karajan makes Mahler "more immense" (less immense? a bit more immense?). *Midnight Express* is "hyped-up" (hyped-down? hyped-over?).

Perhaps editors who throw stones shouldn't be glasshoused.

Stan Crowe
Tallahassee, Fla.

Will you also take aim at editorial writers and radio and TV people who repeatedly say: "Last night at 8 p.m." "Tomorrow morning at 11 a.m." "Revert back," "Raise up," "Round circle," and so on?

(Mrs.) Cecelia Connelley
Babylon, N.Y.

To the list of boobisms add this by a TV newsmen: "another fatal killing."

W.P. Earley
West Brookfield, Mass.

*Now that loan
As a verb so often appears,
I expect soon to read
"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Loan me your ears."*

Richard S. Meeks
North Plainfield, N.J.

I was surprised to learn that the acronym ECAR stands for East Central Reliability Council. While visiting Pebble Beach, Calif., I was informed that the Monterey Peninsula was peopled mostly by ECARS: Elderly, Conservative, Affluent Republicans.

Tina Powell
Minnetonka, Minn.

The Calm '70s

You mentioned the '70s as being a time when "nothing disastrous is happening" [Dec. 25]. Have you never heard of "the calm before the storm?"

Juanita Orvin
Charleston, S.C.

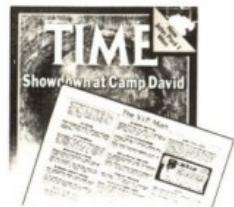
With all due respect to Stanford Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, may I take the liberty of amending his quote to "nothing disastrous *appears* to be happening." Changes are happening at the blink of an eyelash, too quickly for the human mind to perceive.

Eileen Rice
St. Louis Park, Minn.

There is no mention whatever of the Supreme Court's 1973 decision that deprived our unborn of the right to life. Yet TIME's Essay concludes with the remark that during the '70s "nothing disastrous is happening."

Oliver L. Kapsner
Collegeville, Minn.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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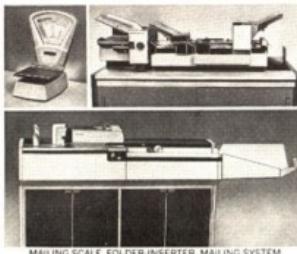
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American Scene

In Chicago: A Frenzied Bastion of Capitalism

It is just 8:30 a.m., but the room is already throbbing with the ardent and unabashed pursuit of money. As the pace picks up, the shouts of jostling men rise like the roar of the crowd at Churchill Downs when it's neck and neck in the home stretch of the Kentucky Derby. The participants are dressed like stock-room clerks in brightly colored cloth jackets, and they are flashing elaborate hand signals to each other and yelling phrases in a jargon all their own. "Even 17 D's!" cries one exasperated figure as he elbows for room. Another day of seeking fortunes has begun at the 130-year-old Chicago Board of Trade, where the tension, the gambles, the losses and the gains can make the action at Las Vegas seem like a kids' game of Old Maid.

Put very simply, the game at the Board of Trade is to bet on the future. Those gesticulating and shouting men are brokers and dealers who are selling each other contracts to deliver goods months in the future at a fixed price—when the real market price may be higher, or lower. Nerve-racking enough, but the goods they are buying and selling are extremely volatile, their value subject to human whims, storms in the farm belt, or a boost in interest rates in Washington. Most of the trading takes place in traditional commodities, such as wheat and corn, but in recent years the Board of Trade has added futures in silver, gold, U.S. Treasury bonds and the enticing "Ginnie Maes" (as the Government's National Mortgage Association certificates are blithely called). The Board of Trade is the nation's largest commodities exchange, a market that has become to the late '70s what the stock market used to be to the late '60s: a heady, go-go whirl that amounted to some \$730 billion last year. Intones one Chicago broker: "This is the last bastion of pure capitalism in the world."

Small wonder, then, that a lithe, black-bearded man is nimbly dashing among three octagonally shaped enclosures, known as pits, where the trading takes place. Ray Cahnman, 34, is resplendent in a jacket that is Kelly green, the identifying color of a clearinghouse that guarantees his credit. Suddenly he spots the man who is bobbing up and down in the crush like a crazed jack-in-the-box and still screaming "Even 17 D's!" Raymond Elbin, wearing the apple red coat of

another clearinghouse, is offering to buy 17 \$1100,000 Treasury bonds next December (the "D's" in his call) at no price change. Cahnman and Elbin begin bargaining nose to nose, yelling and jabbing fingers in each other's faces. Eventually they agree on a price and, presto, Cahnman has sold 17 of his December bonds to Elbin.

A onetime tennis instructor, Cahnman began playing the Chicago market three years ago when he gave up his job as a computer-time salesman, scraped together \$5,000 and bought a permit to trade Ginnie Mae futures. Although he

MM. FRANKLIN MC MAHON



Ray Cahnman wheeling and dealing at the Board of Trade

refuses to divulge his earnings, he has done well enough to buy a full membership in the Board of Trade for \$135,000, which allows him to wheel and deal in all phases of the market. But there have been frightening lurches along the way. "Three times I've lost massive amounts of money," admits Cahnman, who is married to a schoolteacher and has no children. "Once I thought I was so far down the tubes that I thought I wouldn't even get out with my house."

To retain his house and his senses, Cahnman surveys his territory with the intense look of an eagle searching for supper. Suddenly he is off, chasing pigeons in the Treasury-bond pit, only to resurface later among the Ginnie Maes. "I make sure I go to the washroom before the market opens," he confides to a visitor. "You just can't leave the floor. Too much can happen in minutes."

Now the market is turning soft and Cahnman is turning edgy. He dashes into the Treasury-bond pit. "Sell three D's at 29!" he yells. There are no takers. "It's getting bad," moans Cahnman, munching on a bag of potato chips that he keeps in his jacket pocket for just such moments of anxiety.

Then he spots it, the kind of break he has been looking for all day: the price of bonds he could buy for cash has fallen slightly below the price on the futures market. In two simple moves, buying on the cash market and selling on the futures, Cahnman makes a profit of at least \$20,000, or more than his salary for an entire year before he joined the market.

Cahnman cheerfully plays both ends against the middle, dealing with the conservatives who are hedging their investments in grain, and the go-for-broke gamblers out to make a killing. He sells a contract he has just bought, if the differential is right, and buys back into a market he has just spurned. "I never back away," he boasts. "Just when everyone else gets real panicky, that's when I like to step in and do the opposite."

Cahnman is constantly struggling to reduce his inventory, and he has accumulated some inventory during recent sessions. The card in his top pocket shows that he owns well over 1,000 contracts worth approximately \$100 million. To lighten his

load, Cahnman is always on the lookout for what he calls "fresh money" brought to the exchange by new traders. Says he: "I love to see them come in. I know I can run circles around them." Indeed, Cahnman can run circles around a number of experienced brokers. One rival compares Cahnman's moves to those of a pro running back like the Bears' Walter Payton: "The timing, the speed, the agility are the same."

When the bell ending the trading rings at 2:45, Cahnman has reduced his inventory by 400 contracts, but he is exhausted. "I don't know how long I can keep on doing this physically," he complains. He's kidding no one. Ray Cahnman will stay with the market as long as he's making money and the excitement lasts. Says he: "I couldn't dream up a game that intrigues me more than this, not even tennis. I'd want to do it even if I were playing for bottle caps."

Madeleine Nash

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He was simply walking back to his office when the pain hit him.

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Then his heart stopped altogether.

A MIRACLE OF ELECTRONICS.

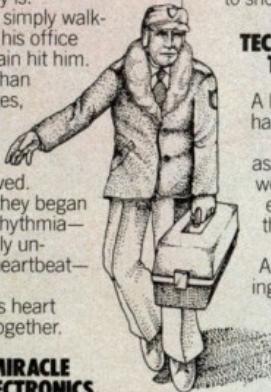
Fortunately, the ambulance was equipped with a Motorola APCOR Coronary Observation unit.

It put the paramedics in immediate touch with an emergency physician at the hospital miles away.

Not just by voice communication; that doesn't give a doctor all the information he needs.

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Today, Motorola is one of the world's largest manufacturers dedicated exclusively to electronics, as well as one of its foremost designers of custom and standard semiconductors.

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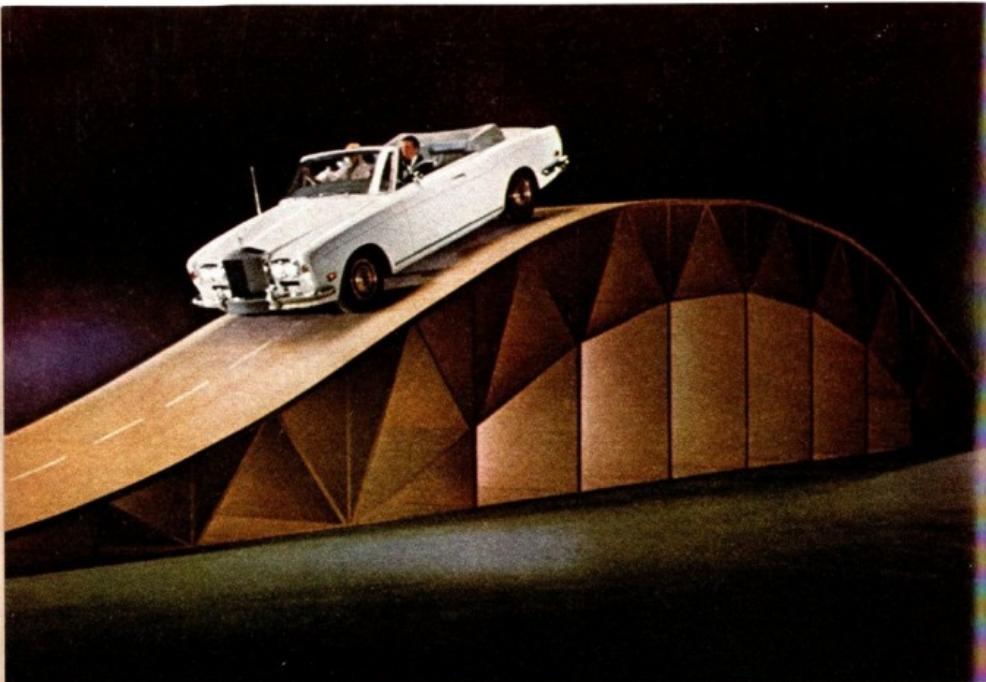
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Triplewall is made up of three layers of the corrugated "medium" and four layers of linerboard. And it can withstand 1,100 lbs. per square inch of puncture pressure on its side. And on its edge, a 12 x 12 in. piece can take 930 lbs. A mere seven layers of paper!

The strength of corrugated isn't only in the paper itself. It's the structure. The shape of the medium is one of the strongest structures known. In Colonial Virginia walls were built in the corrugated, or serpentine form. And they're still standing today, although they're only one brick thick.

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Since it was patented in 1871, corrugated has been one of the mainstays of the American distribution system. In fact, the corrugated box is one reason we have the most efficient distribution system in the world.

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Nation

TIME/JAN. 22, 1979

COVER STORIES

America and Russia

A mix of confrontation and cooperation marks the superpowers' relations

The six U.S. Senators could hardly believe their ears. At a meeting in Peking last week, China's leaders told a delegation led by Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn that the Communist regime heartily endorses the U.S. military presence in the Far East. The Senators even heard, they said, that an expanded U.S. naval presence in the Western Pacific was "regarded favorably by the Chinese." One Chinese officer told the Americans that he hoped U.S. warships would call at China's ports.

That the U.S. should now be so openly and unabashedly courted by a regime that used to excoriate the Yankee imperialists as a paper tiger is one of the most startling reversals in modern diplomatic history. It reflects, to a great extent, the determination of Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping and China's other new leaders to enlist Washington's help in countering the Soviet Union's mounting influence in Asia. It thus establishes a major new phase in Washington's often stormy relations not only with Peking but with Moscow as well. Even as the Chinese were meeting the Senators last week, the Kremlin gained a startling new victory when the Moscow-supported Vietnamese marched into neighboring Cambodia (Kampuchea) and seized Phnom-Penh, capital of the Peking-supported regime. The Soviet Union wasted no time in welcoming Cambodia's new order. Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev last week told TIME at the Kremlin that his country "supports the People's Revolutionary Council of Kampuchea" (see interview).

The Administration has condemned the aggression and urged Moscow and Peking to avoid any confrontation over Indochina. Intensified quarreling between the two Communist giants could create an extraordinary dilemma for Washington if it were pressed to choose sides. Given Jimmy Carter's bold new China policy, the Chinese might hope that he would back them against the Soviets. As it is, in an increasing number of global pressure points, the U.S. finds itself in a direct or implied confrontation with the U.S.S.R.

Says one U.S. senior foreign policy adviser: "Our relationship with the Soviets

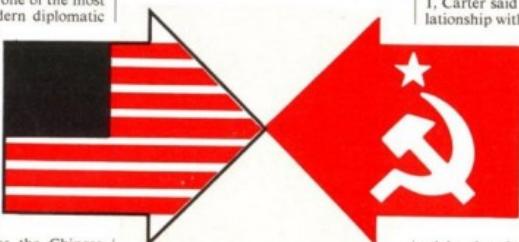
has changed dramatically in the past year. Before we were seeking broad-based accommodations. Now our relations are focused almost entirely on SALT." Brezhnev agrees. He told TIME: "Over the last couple of years, there have been few encouraging moments, to be frank, in Soviet-American relations."

"This is a watershed period in our ties with the U.S.S.R.," warns William Hyland, a former longtime member of the National Security Council and now senior fellow at Washington's Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. "The next months or year will be very critical. With China's moves west,

that Soviet planners see—or profess to see—just the opposite: a threatening NATO to the west, a threatening China to the east, a less friendly India to the south, misfortune and reverses everywhere. It is this real or feigned element of paranoia in Soviet policy that makes the current prospects confronting Washington so tricky. Even though one of the purposes of Carter's China move may well have been to gain some geopolitical leverage on Moscow, he apparently felt confident that Moscow would not regard it as an anti-Soviet shift. Shortly after he surprised the world in mid-December by granting Peking full diplomatic recognition as of Jan. 1, Carter said reassuringly: "Our new relationship with China will not put any additional obstacles in the way of a successful SALT agreement and also will not endanger our good relationship with the Soviet Union." The President was too optimistic.

Although Moscow has known since Richard Nixon's trip to Peking in 1972 that normal U.S.-China ties were inevitable, the Soviets were jolted by the abrupt way Carter made the move and the sudden prospect of U.S. arms sales to Peking. Diplomatic surprise is one thing that the Kremlin's aging leadership abhors. Explains Gyula Jozsa, a Kremlinologist at Cologne's Institute of Eastern Studies: "The Soviets can see the logic of the need for the U.S. to recognize Peking. But what worries them is: How far and how quickly will subsequent relations develop between Washington and Peking?" An analyst at the Rand Corp. points out that the U.S.-Peking relationship "has the potential for the most fundamental realignment of forces since World War II," if it brings Japan into a "triad with an anti-Soviet vector."

Almost all U.S. foreign policy officials now agree that the Soviets have retaliated against Carter's China move by stalling SALT II. It had been expected that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko would agree on all but a few technical details of a new treaty at their meeting in late December. But they deadlocked when the Russians suddenly raised issues that had already been settled. By delaying SALT II, Moscow was able to postpone the Carter-Brezhnev summit, which had been ten-



the U.S. normalization with Peking, the possibility of Western arms sales to the Chinese, and developments in SALT, all the major actors are in motion. We have to be very careful."

One senior Administration official sees a danger that the U.S. can blame too many difficulties on Moscow. "There is an assumption that everything the Soviets do is an attempt to get the United States or disadvantage us," says he. "That is a gross oversimplification. We often create problems by exaggerating Soviet influence." This official does not doubt that the Soviets like to exploit any advantage they can find, or that they would like to divide up the world into spheres of influence, but he does not interpret this as a strategy of conquest. "The group in power there is quite cautious," he says. "They're careful about the actions they take. They don't have an overall deliberate design to find ways to put it to the United States."

Indeed, while the officials responsible for U.S. planning often see Soviet influence and Soviet gains in all corners of the world, there is evidence for thinking

tatively planned for the middle of this month, just a couple of weeks before China's Teng is due to arrive.

The timing of the two trips distressed the Soviets. They apparently did not want to risk having the ailing Brezhnev almost immediately overshadowed by the lively Teng. By holding up the Brezhnev summit until after Carter sees Teng, the Russians may be trying to warn the Administration to temper its welcome of the Chinese leader. In last week's interview, Brezhnev declared that a policy that is "tempted to turn Peking into an instrument of pressure" would be "adventurous and highly dangerous." It would be, he said, "playing with fire."

The unexpectedly sharp Kremlin reaction to Carter's China step does not necessarily mean that the policy is mistaken. Soviet sensitivity, in fact, probably confirms that closer U.S.-Peking ties are an effective diplomatic lever. The Administration, moreover, appears sincere when it argues that fundamentally the move is not anti-Soviet. Said Vance at his press conference last week: "There will be no tilts one way or the other."

Despite the Soviets' protestations, they have been moving skillfully to strengthen their position all along the Eurasian frontier and in the Horn of Africa, an arc that has been called a crescent of crisis. Moscow seems to have played a key role in last April's coup in Afghanistan, for example, bringing to power the pro-Soviet regime of Noor Mohammed Taraki. In Ethiopia at least 17,000 Cuban troops have been fighting as Kremlin proxies, driving Somali forces from the Ogaden region and curbing Eritrean rebels. As a result of this intervention, Ethiopia has been drawn into the Soviet camp.

In the Middle East, the Soviets have been trying to undermine Carter's efforts at brokering an Israeli-Egyptian settlement, perhaps in part because the Administration's bold diplomacy has shut them out of the peace process, even though Moscow is co-chairman of the long suspended Geneva Conference. Not only have they been denouncing the Camp David agreements, but they have also been encouraging Libya, Algeria, Syria, the Palestine Liberation Organization and other Arab hard-liners to block peace.

While the Kremlin has not been directly involved in the current unrest in Iran, it has been trying to exploit the situation. Radio Moscow's Persian-language broadcasts, for instance, have repeatedly denounced the Shah and Washington, asserting that "the dangers facing the Iranian people are coming" from the U.S. In response to the turmoil in Iran, the Administration last week moved to maintain stability in the Persian Gulf. Carter announced that one dozen F-15 fighter jets, the most advanced tactical warplane in the U.S. arsenal, will soon arrive in Saudi Arabia for a visit of a few weeks.

Soviet gains have not been limited to



Jimmy Carter addressing NATO summit meeting at Washington's Kennedy Center last June
"All the major actors are in motion," said one expert. "We have to be very careful."

the Third World. Through its dynamic arms buildup, Moscow has almost eliminated the U.S. advantage in strategic nuclear weapons. Although Brezhnev ridicules talk about "the Soviet threat," experts are nearly unanimous in their assessment that Moscow has been arming at a faster pace than the West. In the past 15 years, for example, the Soviets have been increasing military expenditures by about 3% annually. NATO is pledged to such a hike this year, but this merely reverses years of frugality. From

1967 through 1975, in fact, the Pentagon's budget actually declined (when adjustments are made for inflation). There is little basis, therefore, for Brezhnev's assertion that the West's "military budgets are frantically growing."

The defense spending gap is most dramatically reflected in what has been happening to the superpowers' nuclear arsenals. Since 1967 the U.S. has deployed only one new intercontinental ballistic missile, the triple-warhead Minuteman III. During the same period, Moscow has

The Soviets parade missiles in Moscow to mark anniversary of the 1917 revolution



Nation

introduced three generations of new ICBMs. Even the dovish Brookings Institution has admitted that it finds the Soviet buildup worrisome.

The Soviet buildup in conventional weapons has been equally significant. Although Brezhnev says that "the forces of either side in sum total approximately equal each other," NATO remains outgunned and outmanned by the Warsaw Pact in the strategically crucial central and northern European regions. This remains true despite the West's recent program to upgrade its forces. Facing NATO's 7,000 tanks and 2,700 artillery pieces, for example, are 21,000 and 10,000, respectively, for the East. In manpower NATO is dwarfed 626,000 vs. 943,000. Such overwhelming military superiority could tempt the Soviets to try enforcing their policies on Western Europe through intimidation.

At the same time that Washington and Moscow are maneuvering against each other at a number of the world's hotspots, they are also sitting amiably around negotiating tables discussing myriad projects and possibilities. This ability of the superpowers to engage simultaneously in confrontation and cooperation has become perhaps the most distinctive hallmark of diplomacy in the 1970s.

In no area has cooperation been pursued more determinedly than in the attempt to control nuclear arsenals. While the progress at SALT often reflects other aspects of the Washington-Moscow relationship, as last month's delaying tactics in Geneva demonstrated, there is little doubt that both sides genuinely want an agreement. Brezhnev seems eager for it and apparently sees the signing of SALT II as a fitting capstone to his long career as a Soviet leader.

U.S. officials estimate that a new accord is 99% complete; for the past couple of years, however, it was said to have been 95% finished. At least a month will probably be needed to resolve the remaining minor differences. They primarily concern the kind of limits to be placed on U.S. cruise missiles and the amount of time that weapon technology will be subject to restrictions. While the White House is anxious to have a treaty and the Carter-Brezhnev summit that would follow, it is not prepared to make new concessions just for the sake of reaching an agreement. To do so could seriously jeopardize the treaty's chances of winning the two-thirds Senate vote required for ratification. While many experts view the accord as a welcome step toward arms control, a number of conservative Senators have been warning that they will oppose the treaty because they feel that it would impose strategic inferiority on the U.S. Even if SALT II is signed and ratified, it will barely reduce nuclear arsenals or inhibit the development of new strategic weapons. This must await SALT III.

Along with most of their allies, the U.S. and the Soviet Union have also been meeting in Vienna since 1973 in an attempt to reduce NATO and Warsaw Pact forces in Central Europe. Very little progress has been made. Said one bored U.S. participant in the talks: "Glaciers move faster."

There are other sets of bilateral talks, too, that have been proceeding in their desultory way: negotiations to limit military activity in the Indian Ocean, to ban chemical and radiological weapons and to restrict the sale of conventional arms. Somewhat more successful are the Com-



Israelis on antiterrorist strike in Lebanon

prehensive Test Ban negotiations, which aim at completely outlawing nuclear explosions. Existing agreements already prevent all testing in the atmosphere and underground explosions of more than 150 kilotons. Moscow had been demanding the right to test for "peaceful" purposes but bowed to U.S. arguments that every explosion has a potential military value. The main problem now seems to be how to verify that there is no cheating.

Outside the military field, cooperation between the two superpowers is extensive. Under agreements signed during the Nixon Administration, U.S.-Soviet commissions are working on such matters as energy research, medicine, environmental protection, peaceful exploration of outer space, artificial heart research, transportation and urban development. Rarely does a week pass without a delegation of American experts arriving in the Soviet Union or of Soviet specialists landing in the U.S. Later this month, for instance, the environmental commission will meet in Moscow. Meanwhile, in Baltimore there is an exhibit on Soviet women. Cultural exchange agreements last year sent the New England Conservatory Ragtime



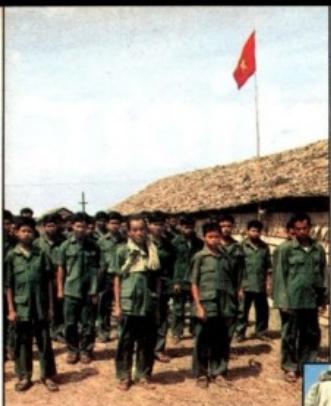
Garlands to celebrate the Afghan coup



U.S. F-15 engages in maneuvers

Band, the Paul Taylor Dance Company and the New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra to the Soviet Union, while the Moscow Circus, the Osipov Balalaika Orchestra and Bolshoi Opera Baritone Yuri Mazurok entertained in the U.S. The Carter Administration has done little, however, to broaden these continuing programs.

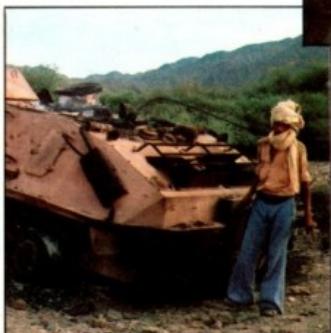
For the Kremlin, the most disappointing aspect of its relationship with the U.S.



Cambodian POWs in Viet Nam



Chinese officers inspecting French armor



Eritrean rebel shows off wrecked vehicle

has probably been trade. While last year's estimated total of \$2.7 billion was a record, it barely exceeded the 1976 volume. To a great degree, this lackluster trend has resulted from trade restrictions imposed by Washington. A 1974 statute sponsored by Senator Henry Jackson linked trade policy to the Kremlin's record on allowing its citizens, particularly Jews, to emigrate. The law in effect told the Soviets that if they would behave le-

niently then they would be eligible for generous credits to pay for American goods, and that their exports to the U.S. would benefit from the relatively lower tariffs imposed on most favored nations. Although their emigration policies have been relaxed somewhat, the U.S. continues to limit their credits, and they have not received most favored nation status.

A somewhat similar linkage between politics and trade has also been imposed occasionally on transfers of technology. After the Kremlin last summer tried and convicted Human Rights Dissident Anatoli Shcharansky, for example, Carter strongly condemned the action and blocked the sale of a computer to Mos-



cow. Also canceled were several scheduled trips of high-level U.S. delegations to the Soviet Union. The President decreed, moreover, that transfers of advanced oil technology to the Soviet Union would have to be approved by the White House. His aim was to pressure the Kremlin to treat dissidents with more leniency; so far there is no indication that he has succeeded.

The Administration, in fact, has largely abandoned the rhetoric that originally characterized its human rights campaign. It gained little for the U.S. while infuriating the Soviets and exacerbating the superpower relationship. To Moscow, Carter's words were evidence that the Administration was anti-Soviet. This apparently dismayed Carter, who seemed to be puzzled that the Kremlin did not believe him when he declared that his human rights drive was also directed at other nations and not just at the Soviet Union.

The President, moreover, felt that he had a right to criticize Moscow because it had signed the 1975 Helsinki accord. That agreement, among other things, calls for respect for human rights and a freer

exchange of ideas and information between East and West. But Brezhnev interprets Helsinki very selectively. In his interview, he ignores the accord's provisions dealing with human rights and greater freedom while stressing the section that gives each signatory the right "to choose and develop its political, social, economic and cultural systems."

Though the two states have been closely scrutinizing each other for decades, they still seem astonishingly ignorant of the way each other's political systems function and the premises underlying policy decisions. Moscow, for instance, appears unable to comprehend the U.S. Congress's fundamental independence. After meeting with Soviet leaders last week, Senator Howard Baker, the Tennessee Republican, concluded that "the Soviet Union does not fully understand the role of the Senate debate" in ratifying SALT. Adds one U.S. expert: "The Soviets see the treaty in strict political terms. They see it as yes or no. Carter can either deliver or he can't."

On the other hand, many U.S. officials, not excluding Jimmy Carter, seem to be repeatedly surprised by the Soviets' touchiness and suspiciousness, basically defensive qualities that were nurtured through so many years of war, hardship and Stalinist terror that they now seem almost like national characteristics.

The immediate course taken by U.S.-Soviet relations will probably depend a good deal on the way China's Teng is welcomed later this month in Washington. There is a danger that the Administration might get too euphoric about the historic visit. Warns Harvard's Adam Ulam: "We do not want to become a tool of China in its anti-Russian policy." If Brezhnev concludes that Washington and Peking are joining forces against him, he could continue delaying SALT II and indefinitely postpone his summit with Carter. This prospect deeply troubles one top Administration official. Says he: "A Carter-Brezhnev summit is now probably more important than SALT. It would be a way of putting U.S.-Soviet relations back on the upturn of the curve."

The tone of their relationship will also be greatly influenced, of course, by Soviet actions in the coming months. *Foreign Affairs* Editor William Bundy explains that "the question the Soviets face is whether they will push to exploit the situations in considerable parts of the Middle East, Persian Gulf and southern Africa. They are going to be tempted, and whether they resist this temptation will be a very important decision."

Washington should be able to encourage Kremlin restraint by offering expanded opportunities for cooperation. But the U.S. might also have to begin demonstrating more dramatically that it is prepared to confront and check Soviet geopolitical advances. Sending the F-15s to Saudi Arabia is at least a small step in that direction.

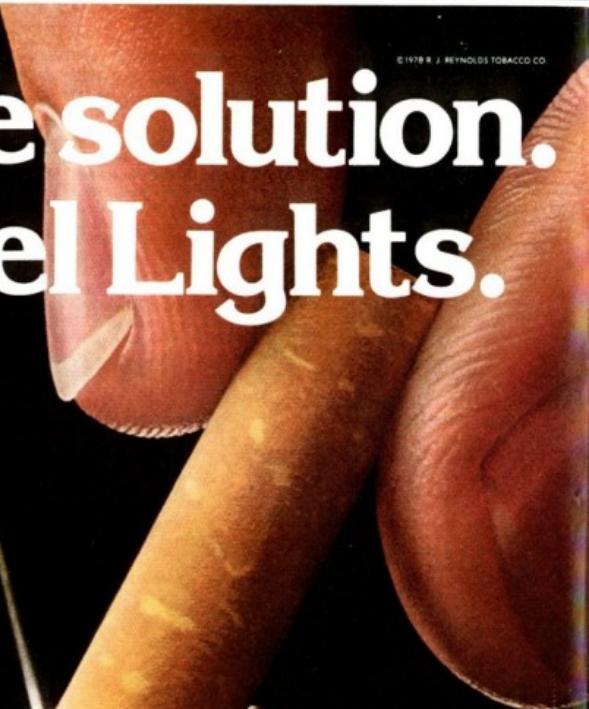
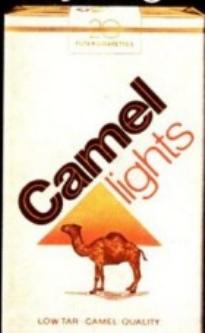
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How We Got Here

Moments that shaped U.S. and Soviet views

In the six decades since the October Revolution, the relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union have provided a long drama of violent antipathy alternating with uneasy reconciliation. "Bolshevism," said one early observer, "means chaos, wholesale murder, the complete destruction of civilization." In 1918, Woodrow Wilson even sent some 15,000 American troops to support Allied forces fighting against the Bolsheviks in northern Russia and eastern Siberia. But within three years, the American Relief Administration under Herbert Hoover was pouring food and medical supplies into famine-ridden Russia.

It was not until 1933, under the new Roosevelt Administration, that the U.S.

plies to keep the Soviets going. Allied convoys bringing supplies into Murmansk and Archangel through the Barents Sea sometimes lost as many as three-quarters of their ships to German dive bombers. Toward the end of the war, with the Americans rolling into Germany from the West and the Soviets from the East, Winston Churchill remarked: "I deem it highly important that we should shake hands with the Russians as far to the east as possible." The Allies had to settle for the Elbe River, where Americans and Russians at last embraced on April 25, 1945.

THE BERLIN BLOCKADE. The wartime Soviet-American friendship soon hard-

In April of 1951, Federal Judge Irving Kaufman looked down at the defendants. "Plain, deliberate, contemplated murder is dwarfed in magnitude by comparison with the crime you have committed," he told Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. "I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb . . . has already caused the Communist aggression in Korea . . . and who knows but that millions more of innocent people may pay the price of your treason."

The trial, falling in the midst of the Korean War and the red-baiting campaign of Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, embodied the polarizations and anxieties of the era. The Rosenbergs were executed at Sing Sing two years later.

THE HUNGARIAN UPRISE. A crowd poured down Stalin Boulevard in Budapest and mounted the marble base of the statue, a 25-foot bronze of Joseph Stalin erected on the site of the razed Regnum

THE NEW YORK TIMES



Stalingrad under fire, 1942; U.S. cargo plane helps break Berlin blockade, 1948; Ethel and Julius Rosenberg on trial, 1951

recognized the Soviet government, and a brief honeymoon began. Then came Stalin's psychopathic purges and show trials and the Hitler-Stalin pact that prepared the way for World War II. But when Hitler attacked Russia, Americans began to regard the Soviet Union as a gallant ally.

The Soviet-American relationship has developed since then in a procession of crises and events. Among them:

STALINGRAD. By the summer of 1942, the German armies had driven deep into Russia, and in August, General Friedrich Paulus' Sixth Army closed in on Stalingrad on the Volga. The Soviets resisted fiercely. As fall and then the bitter winter set in, Paulus' men inched into Stalingrad, fighting house to house. But like Napoleon, Hitler had come too far into Russia and reckoned without the Russian cold. The suffering and bravery of Stalingrad in that terrible winter became a new myth of an enduring Soviet Union. The Red Army, under Georgi Zhukov, managed to encircle Paulus' 200,000-man army and batter it into submission. The German surrender on Feb. 2, 1943, was a turning point of the war.

It was an urgent time of shared suffering and purpose. America delivered \$11 billion in arms, grain and other sup-

plies to keep the Soviets going. Allied convoys bringing supplies into Murmansk and Archangel through the Barents Sea sometimes lost as many as three-quarters of their ships to German dive bombers. Toward the end of the war, with the Americans rolling into Germany from the West and the Soviets from the East, Winston Churchill remarked: "I deem it highly important that we should shake hands with the Russians as far to the east as possible." The Allies had to settle for the Elbe River, where Americans and Russians at last embraced on April 25, 1945.

THE BERLIN BLOCKADE. The wartime Soviet-American friendship soon hardened into peacetime animosity—the cold war, in the writer Herbert Bayard Swope's coinage—when the Soviet Union organized its postwar system of Eastern European satellite states. The U.S. countered with its Marshall Plan to rebuild Western Europe and the creation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The most direct East-West confrontation occurred in isolated Berlin, when the Soviets suddenly shut down all roads, rails and waterways in an effort to starve the city into submission. The U.S. and Britain responded with an unprecedented airlift. Bright C-54s and battered C-47s touched down at West Berlin's Tempelhof Airport at a daytime rate of one every three minutes. At its peak, these allies ferried a record of 12,940 tons of fuel and food in one day during what they called "Operation Vittles." After ten months the Soviets opened the ground corridors to the West again, but Berlin remained an international, and emotionally American, outpost behind the Russian lines. "Ich bin ein Berliner," said President Kennedy.

THE ROSENBERG TRIAL. The U.S. monopoly on atomic power ended in 1949 when Americans learned to their dismay that the Soviets had cracked the secret. They suspected that spies were to blame.

Marianum Church. With ladders, cables and acetylene torches, a group of workers cut through the metal knees and brought the old dictator crashing to the street. Hungarians hammered at the huge metal corpse. Said one wrecker: "I want a souvenir of this old bastard."

For three weeks in 1956, the mutinous Hungarians had conducted a revolt to drive the Soviets out of their homeland. They had also waited in some agony for American intervention, but none came. On Nov. 4, reinforced Soviet Army forces swept through Budapest and crushed the rebellion there. By Nov. 14, when the last rebel stronghold fell, about 25,000 Hungarians had been killed.

The year 1956 was a complicated time in the Soviet-American relationship. Earlier that year, in a secret session of the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, Soviet Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev had delivered a three-hour speech debunking Stalin. He had been, said Khrushchev, a treacherous, lying, murdering paranoid. But the Hungarian tragedy demonstrated that Khrushchev was not going to dismantle Stalin's empire.

SPUTNIK. It was the earth's only other satellite except the moon, a polished metal sphere the size of a beach ball, hur-

Nation

tling around the planet at 18,000 m.p.h. An NBC radio announcer that October in 1957 bade his audience: "Listen now, for the sound which forever separates the old from the new." And over thousands of radios, from somewhere in space, came an eerie beep... beep... beep.

The Soviet Union astonished the world with the sophistication of its Sputnik. The technological surprise plunged the U.S. into orgies of introspection. It prompted the National Defense Education Act to provide \$1 billion for more science teaching and student loans. The satellite gave the impetus to John Kennedy's promise four years later to put a man on the moon by the end of the 60s.

THE U-2. On May 1, 1960, Pilot Francis Gary Powers climbed aboard his low-slung, black Lockheed U-2 high-altitude reconnaissance plane in Peshawar, Pakistan. As he traversed the Soviet Union at about 65,000 feet, supposedly beyond the range of Soviet interception and mis-

ing on such assumptions, Khrushchev attempted an astonishing military ploy in October 1962. The Soviets set about installing 40 launch pads on Cuba, with missiles aimed at the U.S. 90 miles away. Khrushchev had misjudged Kennedy. During one hair-raising autumn week, Kennedy used the threat of American nuclear force to get the missiles dismantled, crated and shipped back to the Soviet Union. In what became a cliché of international machismo, Secretary of State Dean Rusk explained: "We're eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow just blinked."

THE INVASION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Just before midnight, telephones all over Prague began to jangle. Friends and relatives living in Czechoslovak border towns were frantically passing the word to the capital. Soon the roar of jet engines sounded over the city's medieval streets; Soviet planes were flying ominously low. Thus in August 1968 began the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia by

face-to-face bargaining with the Communists. As President, he decided, even in the midst of the Viet Nam War, to fly to Peking in February 1972 and open diplomatic discussions. Three months later he went to Moscow to reassure the Russians of their tremendous stakes in a Soviet-American partnership.

The point of Nixon's trip was mutual self-interest: the President and Brezhnev signed an arms limitation agreement, both sides now seeming ready to scale down their profligate arms competition. They agreed to save money and pool information by embarking on a joint space venture—the Apollo-Soyuz linkup that came to pass in 1975.

THE SOLZHENITSYN AFFAIR. A blue and white Aeroflot TU-154 brought him, handcuffed, on the first leg of his exile, from Moscow to Frankfurt. "I was in prison just this morning," Alexander Solzhenitsyn said. "First I must get used to things and try to comprehend my situation."

TASS

BOSSETT JR.—THE NEW YORK TIMES

HYDANS—LIFE

IVAN SIMON



U-2 Pilot Powers, 1960; Khrushchev at U.N., 1960; U.S. and Soviet ships during Cuban crisis, 1962; Invasion of Czechoslovakia, 1968

siles, his infrared cameras photographed potential targets below. But above Sverdlovsk, according to the Soviets, a ground-to-air rocket brought down the U-2; Powers parachuted to earth unharmed. At first the U.S. claimed that the plane was on a weather reconnaissance flight and had strayed over the U.S.S.R. But Khrushchev had captured Powers, the wrecked plane and the film, which he mockingly brandished before the Supreme Soviet.

The Eisenhower Administration suffered the acute embarrassment of being caught lying. Two weeks later, at the previously arranged Big Four summit conference in Paris, Khrushchev demanded an apology. Eisenhower refused it, though he assured the Soviets that the overflights had been suspended. The summit collapsed in an atmosphere of anger and accusation. Later in the year, Khrushchev came to New York for a meeting of the U.N. General Assembly and left vivid image in the world's memory: as a Filippo-nono delegate spoke, Khrushchev removed his own shoe and pounded it on the table, like a peasant overheated by vodka.

CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS. Khrushchev had sized up Kennedy as a weakling and the U.S. as "too liberal to fight." Proceed-

200,000 soldiers from the Warsaw Pact countries. It seemed an extraordinarily brutal overreaction to a rather gentle experiment. The Czechoslovak government under Alexander Dubcek had tried for eight months to humanize Communism, to promote freedom of speech and of the press, the right to free assembly, to criticize, both from within the party and from political clubs outside it. Moscow found Dubcek's "Prague Spring" intolerable. Under what became known as the "Brezhnev Doctrine," Moscow claimed the right to intervene in any Communist state threatened by "counterrevolution."

THE NIXON DÉTENTE. It was an encounter unlike anything the Soviets had ever seen. Vice President Richard Nixon, who had built a whole career on opposition to Communism, came to Moscow in 1959 to open the American National Exhibition, and there, amid the shiny appliances of a model kitchen, he got into an increasingly heated argument with Nikita Khrushchev. "You don't know everything," Nixon charged. "You don't know anything about Communism except fear of it," Khrushchev retorted.

The odd meeting helped persuade Nixon that he had a special knack for

Thus in February 1974, Solzhenitsyn began his banishment from the country that could not silence him or endure him as its conscience. A Nobel prizewinner and one of the century's great writers, Solzhenitsyn for a time embodied Russia's human rights problem. President Ford, who was still pursuing the Nixon policy of détente, declined to receive him at the White House, and he eventually retreated to the isolation of a Vermont farm, but the issue of freedom and dissent banged around ever more noisily in corridors of Soviet-American interchange.

Jimmy Carter became publicly insistent on the issue. Carter wrote a personal letter to Andrei Sakharov, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, promising "our good offices to seek the release of prisoners of conscience." Such activity infuriated the Soviets, who were already angry enough about the Jackson-Vanik Amendment of 1974, which tied Soviet-American trade deals to freedom of emigration for Russian Jews. The Soviet Union has persisted in trying dissidents, like Anatoli Shcharansky and Alexander Ginzburg, but seems to have grown somewhat more circumspect about the trials and less punitive in its sentences. In Stalin's day they would have been shot.



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An Interview with Brezhnev

Worried about Carter, angry about China, but still an optimist

During the 15 momentous years that he has ruled the Soviet Union, Leonid Brezhnev has reaped an abundant harvest of medals, decorations and titles. General Secretary of the Communist Party, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and Marshal of the Soviet Union are only a few of the positions he occupies. But Brezhnev is now 72, and his long absences due to mysterious ailments have set foreign analysts and Soviet citizens alike speculating whether he is actually in full command. Last week, on the first occasion that the party chief has granted a personal interview with U.S. journalists, five representatives of TIME had an opportunity to judge for themselves. Among them was Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan. His report:

One of the senior Kremlin watchers in Moscow puts flatly, and puts it best: "Brezhnev runs the show." In the old days, it is true, the President's sleek black ZIL limousine roared down the center lane of Kutuzovsky Prospekt to the Kremlin every morning at 8 o'clock. Now it usually arrives after 10. Brezhnev takes more naps than he once did, and more vacations. His attention span is shorter. Instead of the impromptu policy discussions he used to thrive on, he greets important political visitors with remarks and toasts read from papers prepared for him. Much of his old zest has vanished.

It is true that he rules with the support of his allies in the Politburo and in consensus with Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Party Ideologist Mikhail Suslov, but he is still the boss. If there were any doubts about this, they were resolved a month ago when Brezhnev added two more of his closest allies to the top leadership, Konstantin Chernenko as a full Politburo member and Nikolai Tikhonov as a candidate member.

Brezhnev was Nikita Khrushchev's protégé, but Brezhnev has groomed no heir apparent. Prognosticators in Western capitals, who admit they do not know how the Politburo really works, are unable to point to a logical successor, let alone a challenger, to Brezhnev. Here in Moscow it is still very much the Brezhnev era, and he gives every indication that he intends to keep it that way.

Brezhnev still has the will and the energy to do those energizing things that national leaders have to do. He meets foreign visitors—U.S. Senators, Communist delegations, Asian and Arab ministers, bankers and industrialists—almost every day. He participates in uncounted party and government conferences. Perhaps most trying of all, he not only delivers



long public speeches and reports, but sits through interminable speeches by others.

On his good days he can accomplish all that and more, but it is said in Moscow that he also has bad days, as old men do. There has been speculation about why he has not retired voluntarily and honorably, or been replaced by a younger and healthier man. One reason is that Brezhnev appears genuinely popular inside the huge Communist Party bureaucracy. He is a master politician, able executive and respected leader of a world power. He is considered fair in his dealings with the party, loyal to his political allies, responsible and cautious in his policies, and reluctant to purge his colleagues. In party terms he is a centrist and he collects support from all segments of the bureaucracy.

Brezhnev has appeal for the ordinary citizen. Russia's old imperial regime is long dead, but Russians still like a leader who displays power and can make a show. When he first assumed power, Brezhnev was underestimated, dismissed as a faceless bureaucrat. Later it became clear that this was a mistake. He proved to be an outgoing politician, a strong leader and, for all his preaching of frugality, a man who likes pomp and the good things in life. His passion for expensive foreign cars, yachts and luxurious surroundings is well known, and in his beautifully cut dark suits and fine shirts he is one of the best-dressed men in Russia.

He was wearing one of those elegant dark suits when the door to his imposing Kremlin office was opened for the visitors from TIME. Corporate Editor Henry Grunwald, Managing Editor Ray Cave, Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan, Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan and Moscow Reporter Felix Rosenthal. Brezhnev stood in the center of the room to greet them and solemnly shook hands, establishing glinting blue eye contact at each of his guests who was introduced. His medals—Orders of Lenin, Hero of the Soviet Union, Hero of Socialist Labor—shone in the bright lights as Soviet television cameras whirred.

He walked slowly to one side of a long green-baize-covered conference table, accompanied by Leonid Zamyatin, chief of the Central Committee's information department. The TIME delegation sat down opposite them. Though the room is large, it is rather bare. On the off-white silk walls hang two portraits, Karl Marx and Vladimir Lenin. In one corner stands Brezhnev's working desk with its three white phones and large pushbutton console with direct lines to senior officials. At the far end are curtained double doors that lead to the study-bedroom where he takes meals and naps. Brezhnev is known as a clean-desk man; there was little on the desktop except a calendar and clock.

It is true that Brezhnev does not look well. His face was flushed, his eyelids red, his mouth and jaw contorted. He moved

slowly and wrote painstakingly as he inscribed one of his autobiographical books as a gift. It seemed to take a long time before he looked up through his famous eyebrows, over his rimless reading glasses and said: "There, I've settled my accounts." He was wearing a hearing aid in his left ear, and his interpreter addressed him in a slightly raised voice.

Brezhnev replied to both written and oral questions. No matter how often one might have listened to his voice on Soviet television, it is still almost painful to hear at close quarters how slurred and labored his speech can be. But as the discussion continued, Brezhnev seemed to warm to the task; his words came more quickly and clearly, his gestures sharpened, his eyes flashed. There was plainly nothing slow about his thought processes, and the aura of com-

Why has the balance that existed for many years suddenly become a "threat," and come to think of it, whom are we "threatening"?

mand around him was almost tangible.

The mood Brezhnev struck during the interview was one of seriousness and sincerity. Though stating an essentially tough Soviet line, he was reaching for understanding, looking hard into the faces across from him. Only twice did he display spontaneous animation. At one point he picked up a bent paper clip, twirled it almost delicately in one large hand until all eyes were concentrating on it and then thumped the table strongly, saying, "*Mir, mir, i yesche raz mir*" (peace, peace, and once again peace). Later, when Ray Cave said he hoped they would meet again at the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, Brezhnev raised both arms high and, like a man who looks forward to many more years of power and pleasure in life, replied with great delight. "Absolutely!"

The interview in full:

Introduction

Gentlemen, I am glad to see you and welcome you here in Moscow. Frankly speaking, it is not in my nature to give interviews. But given the importance of the relations between our two countries and the solid reputation of your magazine, I decided to take advantage of your request to answer TIME's questions.

Politics is a subtle thing, and I'd like you to present my viewpoint accurately. My answers to your written questions, therefore, are in written form as well.

Unfortunately, our meeting can't be long one. I hope you will understand that my time budget is extremely tight. I still have to hold a few conferences and talks.

It is a pleasure to meet you. I thank you for coming to Moscow from the United States to meet me, and wish you all the best.

Q. How do you evaluate the state of U.S.-Soviet relations in view of the progress toward SALT II and a possible summit meeting?

A. To begin with I should like to convey through your magazine good wishes to the American people for the new year. The extent to which this year and the years to come will be truly good and, above all, peaceful depends in many ways on our two countries. For my part, I can say that the Soviet Union will continue, as before, to act unwaveringly in a spirit of cooperation and honestest.

You and we have entered the year 1979 with a positive head start, so to say. Work on a new agreement on the limitation of offensive strategic arms is drawing to a close, although it will obviously take some more time for the positions to be finally agreed. We trust that the principle of equality and equal security, which the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. recognize as the starting point, will prompt correct decisions and that

President Carter and I will be able in the near future to affix our signatures to the accord. The task set by life itself—to put an end to the unrestrained arms race, to ensure security for our nations and to consolidate international peace at a lower level of military confrontation—is worth the effort.

On the whole, over the last couple of years there have been few encouraging moments, to be frank, in Soviet-American relations. Speaking quite candidly, I will tell you that very often we are hard put even to understand Washington's persistent desire to seek advantages for itself in the disadvantages of others. All this has, indeed, been tried—on more occasions than one—by American politicians in the cold war period. However, objective reality led the United States to conclude that it was necessary to cooperate with the Soviet Union, particularly in pre-

Nation

venting nuclear war and in settling conflict situations in various parts of the world. Our reciprocal will to act precisely along these lines was then recorded in the relevant documents which we in the Soviet Union highly value and in which we continue to see a good basis for a durable and lasting turn for the better in relations between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.

Yet, if one looks at the other side only as an "adversary"—and this is something which is not infrequently discussed in Washington—it is, of course, difficult to work for systematically deepening and expanding areas of cooperation. Not only does such an approach make it agonizingly long and complicated for new agreements to be born, but the relations as a whole also mark time or reverse their course, as has, in fact, been the case in the past two years. Whereas, given an attitude of respect for each other's sovereign rights and interests, our two countries will not be worse but better off. Indeed, the world at large will gain if there is agreement between them.

Personally, I am convinced by my entire life experience that good-neighbornliness—regardless of differences in political systems and views—is the best line in international relations. And I am deeply convinced that Soviet-American relations really can be not just normal, but truly good. This is not a utopia. A while ago, a foundation for achieving this goal was laid, but then artificial obstacles were erected in its way, which can and must be removed.

Q. Many Americans, including many who favor improved relations with the Soviet Union, are concerned over the large number of forces maintained by the Warsaw Pact along its western borders. This is often referred to as "the Soviet threat." What do you think of such concerns and about the state of détente in Europe?

A. Fabrications about a "Soviet threat" are nothing new. There was much trumpeting about it in the West when, following October of 1917, Soviet Russia was invaded by some 15 countries, including the United States, in order to strangle the revolution and restore the old order. British Prime Minister Chamberlain expatiated about it when concluding a deal with Hitler in Munich aimed at directing his aggressive intentions against the Soviet Union. The Nazis covered up their rapacious attack on the U.S.S.R. with cries about a "Soviet threat." It was also invoked by those who set up the NATO military bloc spearheaded against the Soviet Union, which lost 20 million people in the struggle against the aggressor. The same pretext was used when Washington proclaimed a policy of "brinkmanship" directed against us.

And again today, when détente has become fairly tangible on the European continent, when the European conference in Helsinki has charted paths toward broader peaceful cooperation and when talks are under way in Vienna to reduce the level of military confrontation, there is a hullabaloo about "the Soviet military threat to Western Europe." Apparently, some in the West have found it very difficult to stomach both political détente and especially the intention to reinforce it by lessening the concentration of the military forces of the two sides in the center of Europe.

It so happened historically that large numbers of troops and armaments of the two military-political blocs are concentrated here facing each other. Different

As far as China is concerned, I believe that you know as well as I do what the policy of their present leadership is. Truly, I am sick and tired of talking about China.

in their structures, the forces of either side in sum total approximately equal each other. Such a military balance has existed in Europe for several decades now.

But a huge concentration of armies and armaments is dangerous in itself. Peaceful ties will be far easier to build if this concentration is reduced on both sides without upsetting the existing balance of forces. This is precisely what we are seeking to achieve in Vienna.

Yet, we are being told in reply that a reduction is possible only if the U.S.S.R. and other members of the Warsaw treaty cut down their forces to a significantly greater degree than the NATO countries. Otherwise, there will allegedly be a "Soviet military threat." And it is to the tune of these incessantly repeated allegations that military budgets are frantically growing and NATO forces in Europe are built up.

What has happened? Why has the balance that existed for many years suddenly become a "threat," and come to think of it, whom are we "threatening"? Are we really claiming a single square kilometer of the territory of any state? Does not the U.S.S.R. have normal and even good, peaceful relations with practically all countries of Western Europe? Is not the Soviet Union a major sponsor of, and active participant in, all actions to strengthen peace and develop peaceful cooperation in Europe?

Why then mislead people, scaring them with "the Soviet military threat"?

I should like to emphasize once again what I have repeatedly said of late: we are not seeking military superiority over the West, we do not need it. All we need is reliable security. And the security of both sides will no doubt be greater with the arms race curbed, war preparations curtailed and the political climate of international intercourse made healthier.

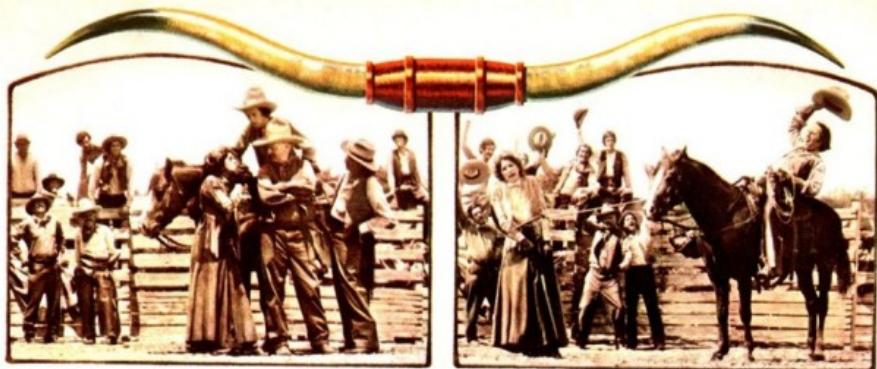
Q. Since the announcement of normalization between Washington and Peking, there has been much talk in the U.S. of "playing the China card" and presumably some Chinese hope to play the American card. What do you think of such concepts, and what is the probable future of Soviet relations with China?

A. There are some in the U.S. and in other Western countries who have found the course hostile toward the Soviet Union followed by the present Chinese leadership so much to their liking that they are tempted to turn Peking into an instrument of pressure on the world of socialism. Such a policy appears to me to be adventurous and highly dangerous for the cause of universal peace.

The point is not at all the establishment of diplomatic relations. The point is that attempts are being made to encourage in every way and to stimulate with economic bait and now, gradually, also with deliveries of modern weapons, materiel and military technology those who, while heading one of the biggest countries in the world, have openly declared their hostility to the cause of détente, disarmament and stability in the world, those who lay claims to the territories of many countries and stage provocations against them, those who have proclaimed war inevitable and mounted active preparations for war.

Is it really difficult to understand that this means playing with fire?

As for plans to use the Peking regime, which has gained in strength, as an instrument of NATO policy, to channel its belligerent cravings in the direction that suits the West—they are, pardon me, nothing more than presumptuous naïveté. It is sufficient to recall what the Munich policy brought upon the Western powers. Can it be that the les-



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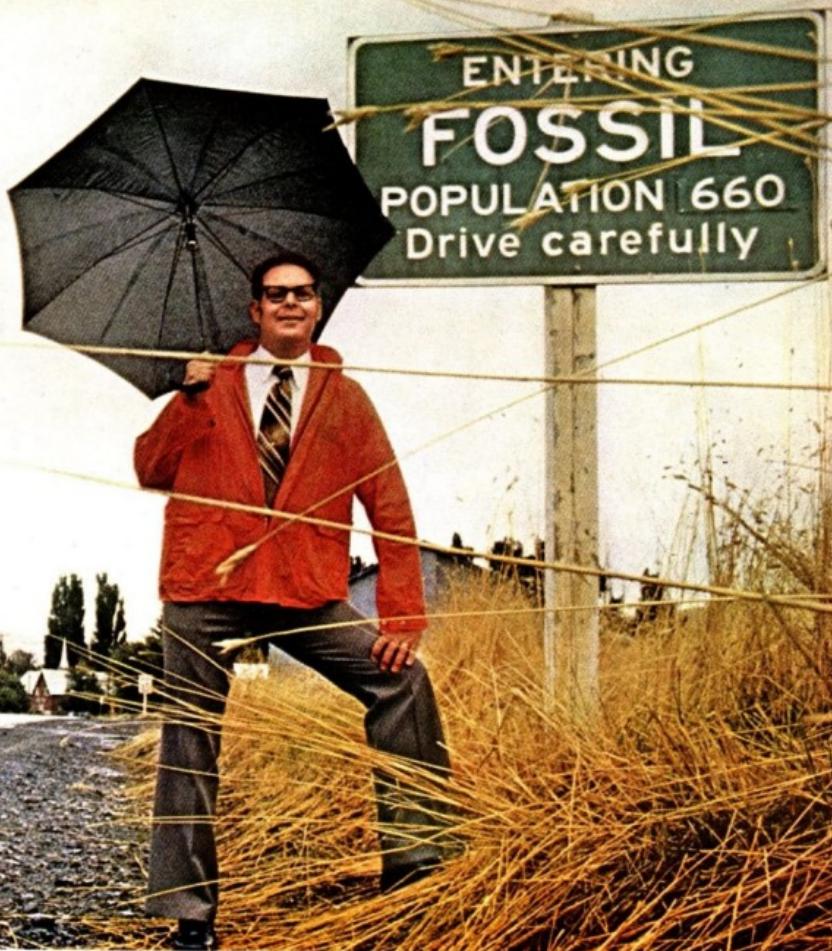
IBM customer engineers turn up in unlike

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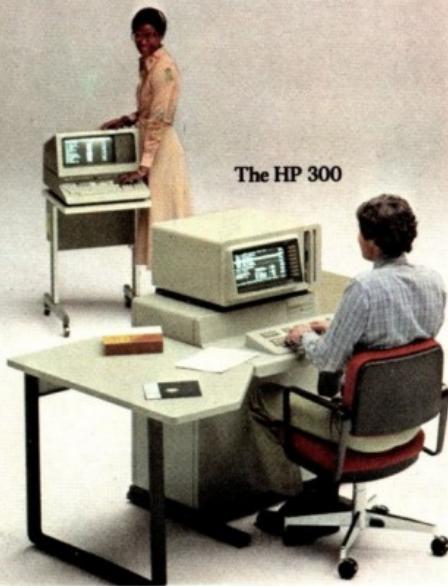
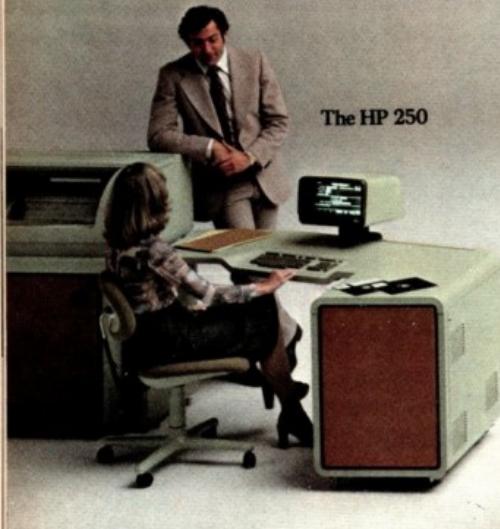
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Nation

sons of history are so quickly forgotten?

As to relations between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China, we have neither territorial nor any other claims to that country, and we see no objective obstacles to re-establishing not merely good, but also friendly relations—provided, naturally, the stand of the P.R.C. becomes more reasonable and peaceful.

Now and again statements are heard from Peking alleging that the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance and Mutual Assistance concluded in 1950 "has lost all significance," has become a "mere sheet of paper," and so on. Apparently the Chinese leaders are provoking us to abrogate this treaty. I can say that we shall not give in to provocation. We shall never tear up our own will a document which epitomizes friendship between the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and China. But should the Peking leaders take such a step, they would have to bear the entire onus of responsibility before the people of their country, before the forces of peace and progress all over the world.

Q. Since we left New York City, dramatic events have taken place in Cambodia. How do you think they will affect relations with China?

A. The Kampuchean people have risen to fight a hateful regime, to fight a tyranny imposed on them from the outside. It's their right, and the Soviet public supports the just struggle of Kampuchea, led by the Front for National Salvation. The Soviet Union also supports the People's Revolutionary Council of Kampuchea, that is, the government backed by the broadest segments of the population.

As far as China is concerned, I believe that you know as well as I do what the policy of their present leadership is. Truly, I am sick and tired of talking about China. I can only say that there existed a pro-Peking regime in Kampuchea, a so-called Chinese model of political structure, and the mass killings of people in Kampuchea were nothing but the Chinese "Cultural Revolution" in action on foreign territory. Chinese propaganda is making a lot of noise about the intervention of Viet Nam into Kampuchean affairs. It is a gross attempt to distort the real state of affairs. It's another example of the anti-Vietnamese, chauvinistic nature of the policy of the present Chinese leadership, which also organizes other anti-Viet Nam provocations.

Q. Many Americans remain confused by the word détente, or razryadka. How do you understand its meaning in concrete policy terms and as it applies to regional problems such as those in Africa and the Middle East?

A. When we say "relaxation of tension," or simply "détente" for short, we mean a state of international relations opposite to a state which is commonly termed "cold war" and which was characterized by permanent tension threatening to develop at any moment into open conflict. In other words, détente means, above all, the overcoming of the cold war and transition to normal, smooth relations among states. Détente means a willingness to resolve differences and disputes not by force, by threats or saber rattling, but by peaceful means, at the negotiating table. Détente means a certain degree of trust and ability to reckon with each other's legitimate interests. Such, briefly, is our understanding of détente.

We, on our part, actively work toward

interests of détente in the Middle East.

The same applies to the situation in southern Africa as well. The source of the threat to the relaxation of international tension is to be found in the policy directed against the peoples struggling there for liberation from colonial and racist domination, against neocolonialism, for independence and social progress and not in the struggle, as such, of the peoples for their rights.

Q. The Carter Administration has cited the Helsinki Final Act as a reference point for criticism of Soviet domestic policy. What is your view of the Helsinki document's applicability to Soviet internal policies?

A. Our view of the document signed in Helsinki can be expressed very briefly and categorically: the Soviet Union stands for full implementation of all parts of the Final Act. Incidentally, the Soviet Union is the only country in the world whose constitution enforces all the ten principles of international relations recorded in the Final Act.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the Final Act is a document governing precisely international relations. None of its provisions gives any states the right to interfere in the domestic life of others, to meddle with other people's affairs. Moreover, the signatory states of the Final Act assumed an obligation to "respect each other's right freely to choose and develop its political, social, economic and cultural systems as well as its right to determine its laws and regulations."

I would not like now to go into polemics concerning the line of the American Administration on this matter, although, believe me, one could say a great deal and pose a lot of questions on this score, taking into account, in particular, the interference of the United States in the internal affairs of other nations in full view of the entire world.

Believe me, one could say a great deal and pose a lot of questions . . . [about] the interference of the United States in the internal affairs of other nations.

strengthening the process of détente in every possible way and extending it to all regions of the world, including, naturally, Africa and the Middle East. But it would be unfair and unrealistic to expect the peoples of those or any other regions to give up the struggle for their legitimate rights in the name of a concept of détente that some people falsely interpret.

If we speak, for example, of the Middle East, the interests of détente are in no way contradicted by the struggle of the Arab peoples for the return of lands which belong to them but have been seized by Israel and for the right of the Palestinians to set up a state of their own, or by the actions of those who support these legitimate demands of the Arabs. It is those who support the aggressor, encouraging the expansionist cravings, that are acting contrary to the

Q. One last question. Could you please tell us your hopes and aspirations for the future of your country?

A. It is hard to answer this one briefly. Ours is an enormous country, and its plans are equally big. It has a well-organized party which mobilizes the people to fulfill the tasks set forth by the 25th Congress. We work, and in fact have always worked, for the well-being of the Soviet people.

In the international field, we think that the struggle for a stable peace on earth is the most important thing. Peace, peace, and once again peace, is our cardinal task. Because if only one nuclear bomb were to fall anywhere in the world, it would be bad for editors, for me, and for everyone on earth.

Nation

Carter: Looking Becalmed

The White House is strangely silent at a time of crisis abroad

The languid tropical air of sunny Guadeloupe slows down most people, and Jimmy Carter seemed to be no exception. As he finished up his summit and brief holiday on the Caribbean island last week, he behaved, to all appearances, like any other vacationer: at ease in a time of turmoil. Carter, to be sure, was in the midst of digesting all the disturbing news abroad; he was preparing for the opening of the 96th Congress this week and conferring with advisers on the State of the Union address that he will deliver on Jan. 23. Even so, the usually talkative President seemed strangely becalmed.

If he had any new thoughts on foreign events, he was keeping them to himself. He had no comment on the protracted SALT II negotiations or on the suspended Middle East talks. He concluded his summit with remarks that were curiously inappropriate at a time when the Vietnamese were conquering Cambodia. Said the President: "We have observed with interest and gratification that in the last few years there has been an enhancement in the normalization of relationships among the nations of the world. Former enemies have become friends. Potential enemies have sought to avoid violence by close consultations and negotiations." Next day, when reporters asked him about the Vietnamese aggression, he replied: "I don't want to comment on that now. We're scuba diving, mostly."

Carter considered holding a press conference after his return to Washington, but changed his mind. Instead, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance revealed to the press that the Shah of Iran was taking a "vacation" and that the U.S. approved (see WORLD). White House Press Secretary Jody Powell also had little to say about foreign policy. When reporters badgered him, he insisted that he was "not getting involved in daily temperature taking about Iran." He added: "I have nothing to say about Cambodia." Since Carter has often made damaging impromptu remarks about events abroad, his taciturnity was perhaps understandable. Yet in a worrisome week, the President gave the appearance of ducking the issues. Certainly, he was not signaling any new American resolution to friends and foes abroad or to the forces on Capitol Hill that are concerned about his overseas policies.

As soon as it reconvenes, Congress will take up foreign affairs. Groups of Democrats and Republicans have returned from visits to the Soviet Union with misgivings. Their worries will lead most of them to support Carter's recognition of China, and they will probably confirm a U.S. Ambassador to Peking, expected to be Leonard Woodcock, the current chief of the U.S. Liaison Office. But

conservatives will berate Carter for terminating the defense treaty with Taiwan. Barry Goldwater's office is cranking up bills to restrict the President's power to end treaties. "We will seek assurances on Taiwan," says Kansas Republican Robert Dole, who wants to maintain a U.S. Liaison Office on the island. He foresees a Senate slugfest on the issue: "There will be feathers all over the place. Byrd's and others'"—meaning Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd.

After China will come the debate on SALT II, probably the most crucial item of business this session. To a considerable extent, the outcome depends on the attitude of Byrd and Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, who together engineered the victory for the Panama Canal Treaties. Baker, in particular, is a question mark because he is in trouble with his party's right wing for supporting the canal pact. Notes Nevada Senator Paul

Laxalt, leader of the G.O.P. conservative bloc: "Anyone who voted for the treaty needs rehabilitation if he wants to run for President. Baker is really going to have to do something dramatic to get well with the traditional Republicans who do the work and nominating. The Republicans never forget. Ask Nelson Rockefeller."

Congress is also expected to give Carter's fiscal 1980 budget some rough handling. Quips G.O.P. Congressman Barber Conable of New York: "It's going to be a Republican Congress—full of Democrats." House Speaker Tip O'Neill has been fretting that if Carter trims too much from the budget, there will not be enough for Congress to slash to impress the folks back home. Yet whatever Carter cuts will evoke outcries from some special interests that are sure to be used to good advantage by the man the President fears the most, Ted Kennedy. In talking about his plans for the session, the Massachusetts Senator is stressing his new job as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, but he cannot escape his role as leader of the liberals. His every move will inevitably be scrutinized for its political motivation, especially by the White House.

East Meets Mysterious West



Show and tell in Washington

Inscrutable and exotic—so America must have seemed to 22 visiting scholars from China as they got their first glimpses of American life last week. The men and women, ranging in age from 35 to 49, are all enrolled at American University's English Language Institute. After three months of brushing up on their English, they will head for U.S. universities across the country for postgraduate study and research in physics, optical science, molecular biology, chemical engineering and other subjects.

Within a few days of their arrival in Washington as part of an orientation program to learn "survival skills," the students had toured supermarkets, drugstores and department stores and eaten at a fast-food restaurant. Said Institute Director Robert Fox: "They didn't seem terribly wild about the food." The scholars saw a bit of TV. Said Chemical Engineer Hsu Hsi-en, after seeing his first U.S. commercials: "I enjoy watching them. It is a sign of American culture, isn't it?" The visitors were also introduced to the mysteries of Western pantyhose by Newsweek Correspondent Mary Lord, who, with a thigh, explained her coverage.

The scholars were warmly welcomed wherever they went, but are taking no chances. Just in case they cannot adapt easily to Western ways, they brought along their works.

Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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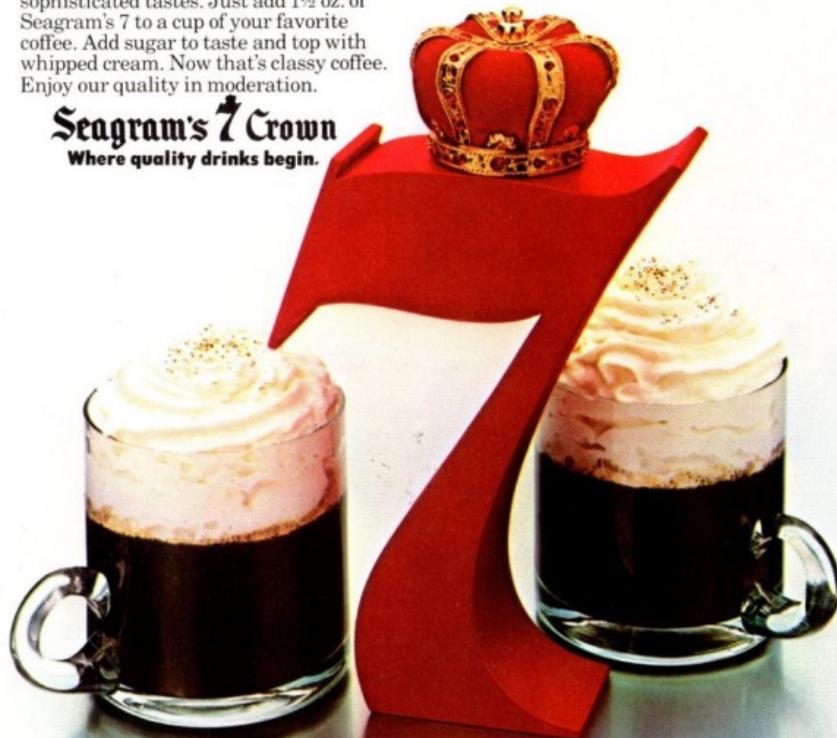
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Nation

Theme for '80

Jerry Brown opposes red ink

The roller coaster of inflation followed by recession is out of control. The time has finally come to balance what we spend with what we produce.

With that declaration, reminiscent of conservative Republican affirmation since the time of Herbert Hoover, California's Democratic Governor Jerry Brown last week sounded a theme for his presidential campaign and joined a growing national movement to balance the federal budget by outlawing deficit spending.

Said Brown in his second-term inaugural address: "It is time to get off the treadmill, to challenge the assumption that more government spending automatically leads to better living." His solution: amend the U.S. Constitution to prohibit the government from spending more each year than its revenues.

Twenty-two state legislatures have already passed resolutions asking Congress to call a Constitutional Convention, the first since the basic law of the land was framed in 1787, to consider the no-deficit amendment. At least twelve states are expected to join the bandwagon by late spring, easily meeting the constitutional requirement that petitions be approved by 34 states. Said Oregon State Senator Jason Boe, president of the National Conference of State Legislatures, which has led the convention campaign: "It's going to come on like a freight train."

The prospect alarms many constitutional experts, who fear that a convention could not be limited to a single issue, thereby creating a sort of open season for tampering with the Constitution. In addition, many experts also oppose writing a flat prohibition on deficits into the Constitution. One reason is that it would bolster an important weapon in coping with recession. Moreover, many doubt that a no-deficit amendment is practical. Robert Bork, Yale's conservative law professor and former U.S. Solicitor General in the Nixon Administration, attempted for several months to draft a constitutional amendment that would limit federal spending. He is finally giving up. Said he: "The more I tried, the more I became dubious it would work." If federal revenues fell short of estimates because of economic conditions, he notes, a deficit could occur no matter what the law says. "Who would sue?" asks Bork. "Whom would they sue?"

In any event, Brown seems determined to get out in front of the voters on the issue of deficits, and not repeat his mistake of last year, when Proposition 13 was approved despite his opposition. He also wants to boost his chances for the 1980 Democratic nomination by staking out a conservative economic position from which to attack Jimmy Carter. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Brother Billy Caper

Georgia's Carter clan never exactly made themselves out to be the family next door, Andy Hardy variety. There was always something a little different running in the blood.

Cartoonist Jeff MacNelly, of the Richmond *News Leader*, understood right off, and when he drew the White House he sometimes included a hound dog, a beat-up pickup, a gas pump and Billy—just to make the Carters feel at home. Humorist Art Buchwald eased the presidential family into national life by telling his audiences that to understand them one should consider the Carter Administration as just another Hollywood television serial where an average former submarine officer and peanut farmer becomes President. He has a mother who runs off to India at age 68, a daughter who lives in a tree house, aides who don't wear underwear, a sister who rides a motorcycle, a brother who drinks ten six-packs of beer a day and another sister who is a faith healer.

It played pretty well up until now. Then Brother Billy thought he would enlarge the script. First came an interview in *Penthouse* magazine in which the barefooted Billy called Charles Kirbo, the President's adviser, "about the dumbest bastard I ever met in my life" and labeled Hamilton Jordan, the top White House staff member, an "asshole." Some thought that Billy, who now makes about \$300,000 a year by performing in public as the President's brother, crossed the line from being a plain, greedy slob into an embarrassment to the presidency. Then last week came the Atlanta episode, in which a visiting delegation of Libyans, with Occidental Petroleum, among others, as their hosts, met with the presidential brother, whom they have apparently wooed to help them improve their image in America. According to reports, Billy urinated on the side of a building while waiting, then launched into his sales pitch about "some of the best friends I have in the world," noting that "there's a hell of a lot more Arabians than there is Jews." He added his view that "the Jewish media tears up the Arab countries full-time." The outcry was instant and loud. G.O.P. Chairman Bill Brock called Billy's remarks a sign of "disgusting anti-Semitism" and added that "to some extent each of us is his brother's keeper." The chagrin in the White House ran deep. Libya is a repressive nation and sponsor of terrorism from the Japanese



Billy at party for Libyans

Red Army to Palestinian guerrillas. Our other troubles in the Middle East are bad enough without this new burden.

The incident would cause only low-level comment if Billy Carter were seldom seen, like Sam Houston Johnson, ne'er-do-well brother of Lyndon, or Donald Nixon, fumbling recipient of the Hughes loan back in 1956. But Billy has been elevated to special status by none other than his brother Jimmy ("a lot of substance to Billy"). Indeed, not since the Kennedys have we had a President who has so involved his family in official duties, sending wife, sons, daughter, mother, sister, cousin off to represent him. Some of Billy's earlier rednecking, Sister Ruth Stapleton's evangelizing, and commercial grabs by others have caused mild to middle embarrassment. Billy may now be a real issue.

Brothers have blessed or plagued most modern Presidents. Ike had four, models of success. Kennedy worried about how to announce the appointment of Bobby as Attorney General ("I think I'll open the front door of the Georgetown house some morning about 2 a.m. . . . and whisper, 'It's Bobby'"), and then Teddy's running for the Senate on presidential coattails, but both turned out to be great help. L.B.J. simply kept Sam Houston out of sight for most of his White House years. Donald Nixon, too, hid as much as he could, and while his sour business deals raised eyebrows, they never seriously hurt Richard Nixon.

Unless Billy's boozing and sibling jealousies have seriously warped him, the recent incidents may be his cure. He is no laughing matter right now, and that was the source of his appeal. If something has snapped in Billy, and he is uncontrollable despite the friendly pleas of the rest of the family, then it will be up to the President to put more official distance between himself and his brother. It is another of those melancholy duties of a President.

The Puzzling Paisley Case

What happened during the CIA man's last sail?

A 31-ft. sloop, under full sail, runs aground on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. No one is aboard the vessel, which contains CIA papers and sophisticated radio gear. One week later a bloated body is found in the bay. There is a bullet wound behind the left ear. Two diving belts weighing 38 lbs. are strapped to its waist. The body is identified as that of the sloop's owner, John Arthur Paisley, 55, a former deputy director of the CIA's Office of Strategic Research.

So began in late September the intriguing mystery of an ex-spook's last voyage, aboard a sloop that he had fancifully but appropriately named *Brillig*, from the "Jabberwocky" in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*. After the body was discovered, the CIA insisted that there was no mystery. Paisley was not a spy, said a CIA press spokesman. He was an intelligence analyst. Moreover, he had retired from the agency in 1974. The CIA had no quarrel with Maryland state police theories that Paisley had committed suicide. Six months before his death, he had left his wife of 19 years—the mother of his two children—and developed a close relationship with another woman. He had been depressed over his personal life and had been seeing a psychiatrist.

Since last fall, the mystery of John Arthur Paisley has deepened. The woman he had been seeing, Betty Myers, 51, a psychiatric social worker, says that "suicide was a valid option to him." Among his problems, she said, was that "he had ambivalence about his desire to be close to someone and his desire for freedom." But his estranged wife Maryann maintains that he was not the sort of man to kill himself. She has hired Washington Lawyer Bernard Fensterwald to try to find out what happened. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence also has been looking into the case and is expected to complete its inquiry in a few weeks.

The facts about Paisley's fate are as elusive as anything conceived by Lewis Carroll. The questions start with the identity of the corpse found in Chesapeake Bay a week after the *Brillig* ran aground. The body was badly disfigured by immersion and was not viewed by any member of Paisley's family before it was cremated. To obtain fingerprints, the FBI had severed both hands from the body and peeled back layers of decomposing skin. These prints could not be compared with the ones that the CIA said it had sent to the FBI

when Paisley was hired in 1953; the bureau reported that they had inexplicably been lost from its files. But the prints did match a set voluntarily submitted to the FBI by a "Jack" Paisley in 1940. The age (17) of the youth at the time, his home town (Phoenix) and his parents' names all matched with John Arthur Paisley's past.

As further evidence, the Maryland state police report that Virginia Dentist Albert F. Brendes had examined an upper plate of teeth from



The *Brillig* at a dock in Pikesville, Md.; Inset: Paisley
A murdered mole, a missing man or a simple suicide?

the corpse and said that the denture was the one that he had made for Paisley several years ago. Brendes was relying on memory: Paisley's dental records were destroyed, the dentist explained, when he recently reorganized his office.

There were some seemingly puzzling discrepancies between the corpse and Paisley. It weighed 144 lbs., while he weighed 175. The body was clothed in size 30 undershorts; Paisley had a 34-in. waist. Paisley's height, however, matched that of the recovered body: both were 5 ft. 11 in.

There were also questions about the assumed manner of death. Two unexpected 9-mm cartridges were found on

the boat. A 9-mm slug was found in the head of the corpse. Paisley was known to have owned a 9-mm pistol. Unfortunately, it is missing. But if he shot himself on the boat, would not the gun have been found on it? Replied Maryland state police: not if he jumped in the water first or shot himself in such a way that both he and the gun fell overboard.

The weights on the body could be readily explained: Paisley was a scuba diver. There was also an explanation for the radio equipment aboard the *Brillig*. Paisley was an amateur radio operator (call sign: K4BM), who carried two different portable transceivers on his boat, one for short-range and one for long-range chats with other hams. In addition, he had two-way marine radiotelephone equipment aboard.

The CIA's initial action after the sloop was found was not entirely helpful to state investigators. Representatives of the agency, accompanied by Mrs. Paisley, visited both the sloop and Paisley's apartment before police were called in. Exactly what they found at either site is not known, but police consider this kind of entry an unwelcome "contamination" of evidence. Said former State Police Captain Paul Rappaport, who led the investigation last year: "Contamination certainly hurt the investigation. There were no eyewitnesses. We could only rely on physical evidence." But there was little physical evidence left by the time police were called in.

THE CIA depicted Paisley at first as an expert on the Soviet economy. In fact, his job was to analyze the Soviet Union's military capability, meaning he had access to CIA data about Soviet nuclear weaponry and was aware of how the CIA acquired the information. After retiring from the CIA in 1974, Paisley had been working full time for a private accounting firm, and part time as a CIA consultant. He was helping to coordinate a highly sensitive assessment of Soviet strategic strength, which gave him continuing access to secret CIA data. A draft of his final report on this study was found aboard the *Brillig*.

The CIA denies that Paisley was a key interrogator of famed Soviet Intelligence Agent Yuri Nosenko, who defected to the U.S. in 1964 and has been suspected by some CIA officials of being a Kremlin plant. But other Government officials insist Paisley not only helped question Nosenko but defended him as a true defector and became his friend.

TIME has learned that a longstanding internal CIA search for a Soviet "mole," or double agent, within its ranks had been



focusing on Paisley's department at the CIA just before his retirement. In addition, Paisley faced a fresh round of interrogation by CIA officials as part of a routine double check of his background.

Some investigators believe that these prospects could have led to Paisley's suicide, or his disappearance. If so, the implications are tantalizing. Could Paisley have been a mole who thought he was about to be exposed? Was he murdered

or spirited away by Soviet agents before he could be unmasked? That would not have been difficult: the Soviet embassy has an estate on the Corsica River, from which its large speedboats could easily reach Paisley's known cruising point near Hooper Island lighthouse in Chesapeake Bay. On the other hand, did the CIA arrange his murder—or his disappearance—to avoid the humiliation of having to admit publicly that it had been deceived

by a double agent? Or was Paisley just a middle-aged man who had changed jobs and left his family and could not cope with those personal upheavals?

Whatever the truth, the Paisley case probably will remain one of those frustrating detective stories without a tidy ending. Unless, of course, John Arthur Paisley is still alive and some day reveals what really happened on the sloop *Brightling's* final, fateful voyage. ■

Americana

Licentious Plates

There are no BUMS, CADS or DUDS on the road in Iowa, not even APES, HAGS or HAMS. These prefixes were all banned from the state's automobile license plates on grounds of taste by the Iowa Department of Transportation. But since new plates were issued last month, 130 irate motorists in Scott County have returned the plates because they bore the prefix GAY. One woman wrote: "I cannot be a single teacher and sport those plates." A traveling salesman complained that while he was in Chicago, his car doors were kicked in because of the plates.

State officials blame the foul-up on their decision to use California's list of three-letter, three-digit combinations rather than prepare their own. The officials tried to eliminate prefixes that might be offensive to Iowans but overlooked GAY. Says Scott County Treasurer William Cusack: "Out in California I'm sure there is a waiting line for GAY plates. But not in Iowa." He is offering to exchange the GAY plates—1,000 were issued—on payment of a \$4 fee.

Jet Lag

"My clients are honest, but they are totally indifferent to the value of money," complains Tom Evans of the oil-rich Arab sheiks whose sumptuous private planes are serviced by his Houston-based firm. One of his customers is Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahyan of Abu Dhabi, president of the United Arab Emirates, who paid \$10 million in 1974 for a Grumman Gulfstream II, equipped with royal blue morocco-leather seats and gold seat-belt buckles.

Since February, says Evans, he has been trying to collect an overdue bill from the sheik for airplane fuel, parts and service totaling \$188,464.81—pin money perhaps in Abu Dhabi but a substantial sum in Houston. This month, after learning that the sheik's plane was in Savannah, Ga., for routine repairs, Evans obtained a court order grounding the flying palace until the bill is settled. The Unit-



ed Arab Emirates have substantial leverage in Washington because they supply about 5% of U.S. petroleum imports, but their American lawyers stressed that the bill would not become a matter of state. Said one: "It's a simple private dispute over whether the charges are reasonable." At week's end the sheik had sent the Houston firm \$90,000, but Evans was standing firm: payment in full or no jet.

Magic Number

In these inflationary times, \$1 million may be worth only half as much as ten years ago, but it is still a nice round, magic number. To find out just how big it is, the 31 pupils in Catherine Swiger's fifth-grade class in South Portland, Me., are collecting bottle caps. Since October, the children have accumulated nearly 140,000 and rather optimistically expect to reach their goal of 1 million by June 1980, when they will cash in their hoard with a scrap dealer and throw a class party.

Students in Sykesville, Pa., meanwhile, have gathered 350,000 pop tops from beer and soda cans. The Sykesville scavengers intend to pile up 1 million of them in a corner of the school gymna-



sium, then sell them for recycling and donate the proceeds to charity.

Edwin Rommel, 50, of Utica, N.Y., on the other hand, already knows what a million looks like. In 1958 Rommel and his family started collecting pennies in a glass jar. By last Thanksgiving he reached his goal of 1 million, which he stored in rolls of 50 in a footlocker. Last week the penny pincher deposited the 3½ tons of coppers in a bank, and promptly wrote out a check for a \$7,500 Cadillac.



Prime-Time Primate

Twenty-year-old Willie B. is a diehard TV addict. He hates news and talk shows, but he loves football and gets so excited over food commercials that he sometimes charges at the set, waving a fist. Says a friend: "He's like a little child."

Willie B. is a 450-lb gorilla at the Atlanta Zoo. In December a Tennessee TV dealer heard about Willie B.'s lonely life as the zoo's only gorilla and gave him a TV set. Then, last week, someone stole the set mounted outside the cage.

Zookeepers feared that Willie B. might lapse into a severe depression. But within a few days, the zoo received more than 50 offers of free TVs, as well as a surveillance system to keep Willie B.'s TV from ever being stolen again. The first replacement set to arrive, a 19-in. color model, was immediately installed in Willie B.'s cage. So, this Sunday, like millions of other fans, Willie B. will surely be jumping up and down in front of his TV, watching the Super Bowl.

World

CAMBODIA

Hanoi Engulfs Its Neighbor

A case of "an abhorrent regime overthrown by an abhorrent aggression"

Not since the disintegration of South Viet Nam and the fall of Saigon four years ago had Southeast Asia witnessed such a swift and stunning shift in political power. Faced with the invasion of Cambodia by twelve Vietnamese divisions totaling 100,000 men, the Democratic Kampuchean government of Premier Pol Pot hunkered down in Phnom-Penh and pledged itself to annihilate the oncoming "Vietnamese clique." Within hours after that brave statement, Phnom-Penh had fallen, the Pol Pot government and many of its soldiers were in flight, and foreign diplomats together with nearly 700 Chinese and North Korean advisers were beating a hasty exodus from the deserted city toward the Thailand border town of Aranyaprathet.

The winners and losers in Cambodia's sudden change of hands:

Pol Pot, 53, the ruthless leader of Kampuchea's Communist Party. Under his genocidal rule in the past four years, Cambodia's major cities have been abruptly

emptied and, by some estimates, up to a quarter of the country's 8 million people may have been slaughtered. He apparently escaped the fast-moving Vietnamese divisions, which were accompanied by 18,000 dissident Cambodian Communists, and was reported to be leading his army's last division near Siem Reap and the ancient temples of Angkor Wat.

Ieng Sary, 48, Pol Pot's Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister. Instead of fighting, he sent a distress call to Bangkok by way of the Khmer Rouge and was scooped up by a Thai helicopter. One day later, he arrived in Peking pledging that he would fight on.

Heng Samrin, 45, a one-time Khmer Rouge military leader who rose to political power under Pol Pot and then defected to form the Vietnamese-backed Kampuchean National United Front for National Salvation (KNUFNS). Entering Phnom-Penh at the head of his KNUFNS forces last week, Heng Samrin announced the formation of a ruling eight-member People's Revolutionary Council and called on beleaguered Cambodians to return to the villages from which Pol Pot had driven them. "From Mimot to Korat to Molu and Strung," the new Radio Phnom-Penh soon announced jubilantly, "thousands of buffalo carts are on the road."

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 56. In perhaps the strangest episode of the week, the ebullient "god-prince" who once ruled Cambodia suddenly emerged from the house arrest in which he had been kept for three years by Pol Pot. Following a bizarre six-hour press conference in Peking,



National United Front Leader Heng Samrin
Thousands of buffalo carts are on the road.

Sihanouk flew to New York City to plead the Kampuchean cause before the U.N. Security Council. His 41-minute speech turned out to be one of his best ever. Without straining his credibility by defending the Pol Pot regime, Sihanouk made a strong case for imperiled Kampuchean nationalism and likened the invading Vietnamese to "a starving boa constrictor leaping on an innocent animal."

The decisive onslaught against Phnom-Penh was in sharp contrast to a round of skirmishing centered in the Parrot's Beak border area a year ago. In that fighting, Vietnamese forces attempted to

Female Kampuchean insurgents share a happy moment after the fall of the capital



halt Khmer Rouge raids across the border. But the Vietnamese were battered by the tough Khmer. Vietnamese armor, which was sent to harass the Khmer, ran out of gas and had to be rescued by Vietnamese airmen flying captured American planes.

Viet Nam then changed its strategy. Hanoi decided to end the Khmer incursions once and for all when the next dry season rolled around. Green Vietnamese soldiers were replaced with seasoned troops. Dissident Khmer were welded into a fighting force that would take part in "spontaneous people's uprisings." Most important, the operation was assigned to Army Chief of Staff General Van Tien Dung, the tactician who directed the lightning conquest of Saigon in 1975.

Writing about the Saigon battle in his memoirs, Dung revealed that the opening attack on the highlands town of Ban Me Tuot was originally intended as no more than a probing operation. But the South Vietnamese army proved so weak that the test turned into a full-scale assault, which finally resulted in Saigon's fall.

In much the same way, some military analysts suspect, Dung's initial advance into Cambodia last month was intended as a limited operation to secure the eastern bank of the Mekong River. But fierce fighting between September and December so decimated the 40,000 Khmer Rouge forces stationed along the border that Dung decided to repeat his 1975 triumph and launch an all-out attack. The Vietnamese, using in some cases captured U.S. equipment, were overwhelming in both numbers and skill. In a single day, aided by Soviet pontoon bridges, an entire mechanized division of 10,000 men crossed the Mekong. Within a week Dung had conquered a third of Cambodia. By last week there remained only Pol Pot's last Khmer Rouge divisions to face the advancing enemy.

In Bangkok, Thai Premier Kriangsak Chamand compared the heavy fighting beyond his border to "a fire in a neighbor's house." This blaze, however, cast menacing shadows throughout all Southeast Asia. The most intense heat was generated by the fact that the principal combatants are both wards of the region's two Socialist superpowers. China has long supported Cambodia with arms and guerrilla training. Peking's technicians have been providing expertise in telecommunications and irrigation, while 49 North Koreans attempted (unsuccessfully, as it turned out) to teach the Kampuchean to fly MiG aircraft.

The Soviet Union, meanwhile, has long been Viet Nam's principal supplier of arms and aid. Only two months ago, Moscow and Hanoi signed a 25-year treaty of friendship that linked them even closer. Moscow last week speedily recognized the new regime in Phnom-Penh and hailed the overthrow of Pol Pot.

Peking was plainly embarrassed by

the events, particularly since the capture of Cambodia's three major airports and lone seaport at Kompong Som ruled out any possibility of resupplying the tattered Kampuchean fighters. The Chinese contented themselves with beefing up their own forces along the Vietnamese border and hurling insults, mainly at the Soviets for supporting the invasion. "An aggressor's day of ascendancy," proclaimed an enigmatic statement released in Peking, "is the beginning of his defeat."

The successful invasion had been carried out so swiftly that it was a *fait accompli* before most parties were prepared to respond to it or to propose effective retaliation. Only the Japanese government acted decisively. Tokyo announced that it would delay promised grants and loans of \$70 million to Hanoi until the situation became clearer.

Elsewhere, the affair left foreign offices puzzled about which way to lean. The Rumanian government, once again at odds with Moscow, took Cambodia's side



Fleeing foreign diplomats and Chinese advisers await processing at Cambodian-Thai border
"An aggressor's day of ascendancy is the beginning of his defeat."

and declared that the ouster of Pol Pot was "a heavy blow for the prestige of socialism." Washington was almost bemused by the spectacle of one ferocious Communist nation pulverizing another. It was said one senior Administration official, a case of "an abhorrent regime being overthrown by an abhorrent aggression."

Nevertheless, the U.S. came down on the side of Cambodia, despite its distaste for the Pol Pot government. The Vietnamese invasion, protested Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, "threatens regional peace and stability and violates the fundamental principle of the integrity of international borders." Washington's policy was to play the role of a "discreet referee," said Administration officials; the object was to keep Moscow and Peking from becoming

involved in a direct confrontation.

Nations in Southeast Asia appeared more worried over the next step than the last. In occupying Cambodia and installing a friendly puppet government, the Vietnamese Communists had taken yet another stride toward control of the Indochinese peninsula. Having conquered South Viet Nam in a long and bloody war, Hanoi had gone on to rule a puppet regime in Laos with the aid of 30,000 Vietnamese soldiers. Cambodia was the obvious third target.

With that objective achieved, next on Hanoi's list could be the pro-Western government in Bangkok. "The big question now," says a State Department official, "is whether Viet Nam will be tempted in the future to push farther, perhaps into Thailand." Thai military leaders last week were spending long "crisis hours" at their desks, and one general even dusted off an old contingency plan that calls for a pre-emptive Thai invasion of the Cambodian centers of Sisophon and Battambang.

tambang as a buffer against any Vietnamese advance. Publicly, however, Bangkok authorities preferred to appear unconcerned. At his press briefings, Premier Kriangsak insisted last week that "Thailand loves everybody. There is nothing to worry about as long as we Thai people are united."

More to the point, in Washington's view, at least, was that the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) remained united. Most of the member states—Thailand, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines—received soothing visits and pledges of "good neighborliness" last year from smiling Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh. After the fall of Cambodia, the ASEAN leaders had good reason to assess the guile behind the smile. ■

Norodom Sihanouk: A Once and Future Prince

Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk's curious appearance at the United Nations last week, on behalf of a government that he had never liked and that had ceased to exist, can be explained simply: he hates the Vietnamese more than he hated the Khmer Rouge regime of Premier Pol Pot, which had ruled Cambodia for four years until its overthrow by Vietnamese-backed rebel forces last week. For most of that time, Sihanouk had been kept under virtual house arrest in Phnom-Penh. Two weeks ago, Pol Pot sent for the Prince and asked him to go to the U.N. to protest the Vietnamese invasion. Sihanouk replied, "I am ready."

Arriving in Peking the next day, Sihanouk embraced old friends, including several Western correspondents. Giddy with the sense of release, he later treated the press to an extraordinary news conference. For almost six hours, he talked, now giggling, now pouting, now scowling, jumping up and down from his chair. He sent out for sandwiches to feed the reporters, and went on and on. He denounced the new Hanoi-backed regime in Phnom-Penh, but he was frank to admit his differences with Pol Pot. "I do not approve of his internal policies, his violation of human rights," Sihanouk said. "I would like to see my people have the right to their pagodas, to travel freely, to love and to be loved, to be able to see their wives and to be with their wives and children and not be separated ... These are basic rights of humanity ... We are not animals, like buffaloes and oxen."

After his arrival in Manhattan, Sihanouk agreed to be interviewed by TIME Staff Writer James Wilde, who has known him since 1955. Wilde remembers Cambodia in the mid-1950s as a gentle, bucolic land of temple bells and gilded stupa spires gleaming in a green landscape. In those days, Sihanouk was known as something of a playboy who dabbled in songwriting, crooning, saxophone and accordion playing, moviemaking and women. On occasion, Wilde reported, "the Prince would hold press conferences in the open-air dance pavilion of his wedding-cake palace. Sometimes his daughter would execute classical Cambodian dances, and there was always champagne to mark the end of an audience."

Those were also the years when the volatile Sihanouk brilliantly maintained his balancing act of keeping Cambodia neutral. "He got the U.S. to build a four-lane highway to the port of Kompong Som," recalls Wilde, "and when the monsoons washed parts of it away, he got the Russians to repair it. He delighted in inviting the diplomatic corps to help build irrigation projects. Every time he dug up a bit of earth at one of those ceremonies, the peasants would catch it, for he was sacred and so was everything he touched."

Sihanouk's tightrope diplomacy ended in failure in 1970 when he was deposed by American-backed Marshal Lon Nol. His country was invaded a few weeks later by American and South Vietnamese forces in an effort to rout the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese from their Cambodian sanctuary. After Lon Nol was overthrown in 1975, Sihanouk returned to Phnom-Penh. He served briefly as head of state in the Khmer Rouge government and then was shoved aside in early 1976. Twice a year the Pol Pot government permitted him a well-guarded visit to the countryside to inspect the nation's progress under the Communist regime. "I was told repeatedly that the Cambodian people were no longer my



Prince Sihanouk at New York City's Waldorf Astoria Hotel

children but Pol Pot's children," Sihanouk said last week. Four of his own older children are still in Cambodia, their whereabouts unknown.

What had happened to Cambodia's fervent Buddhism of earlier times? "I was told that the monks and priests had voluntarily given it up," Sihanouk says. "The Pol Pot regime said that Buddhism would come back one day. Perhaps it will. But the only religion permitted was Communism according to Pol Pot. The temples, the pagodas were burned or turned into pigsties or granaries or schools of politics where the young were taught to work hard and love the heart and soul of Pol Pot. But I always said my prayers. I was the only practicing Buddhist in all Cambodia for three years; the others were not allowed to. Perhaps some of the old people still believed, but they dared not practice it. When I prayed, my guards looked on and laughed."

Despite all this, Sihanouk opposes what he calls the "Hitler aggression" of the Vietnamese. He is convinced that the invading force was drawn from among the ethnic Cambodians who live in the delta region of southern Viet Nam. "These people are completely unknown to me," he insists. "I am certain they are Vietnamese citizens, not native Cambodians." Since he expects the fighting to continue for a long time, Sihanouk plans to live in exile indefinitely.

When invited by Wilde to pose for pictures with his wife Monique, Sihanouk regally asked an aide, "Where is the princess?" Then, if recalling that he was no longer a sovereign except to those who remember him fondly, he quickly added, "I mean my wife." Finally, as in the years before wars and coups destroyed his templed land, the audience was over and French champagne was served.



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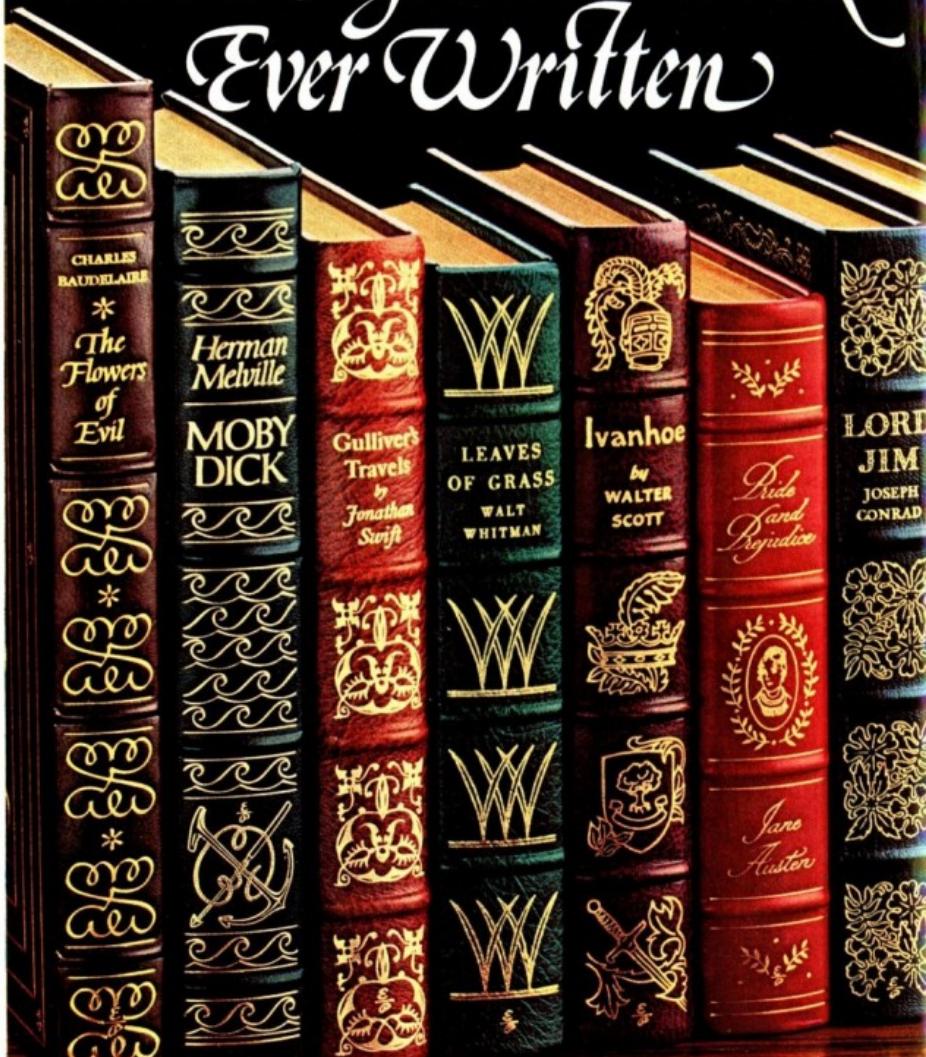
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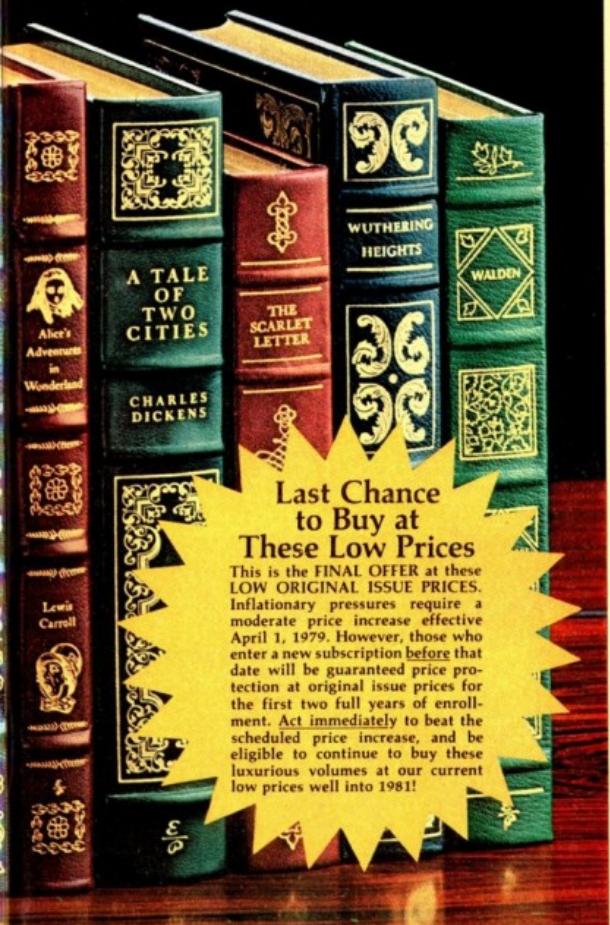
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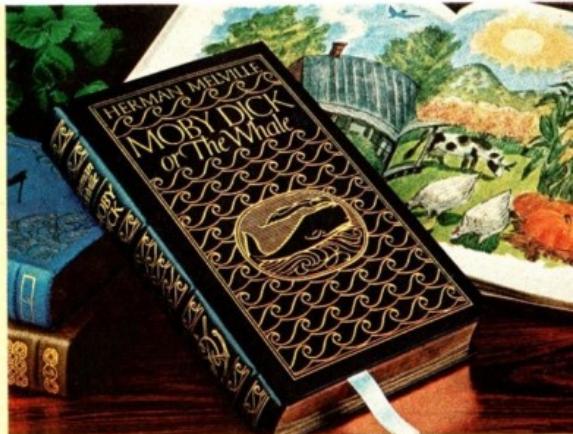
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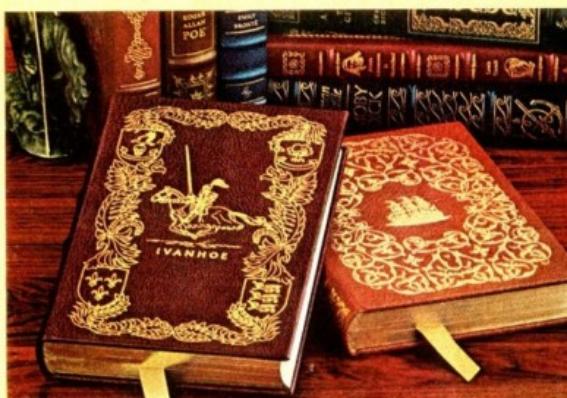
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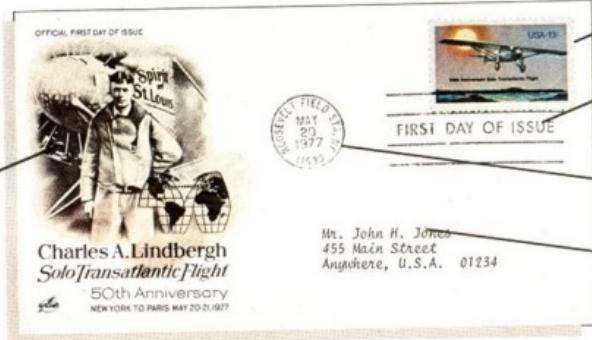


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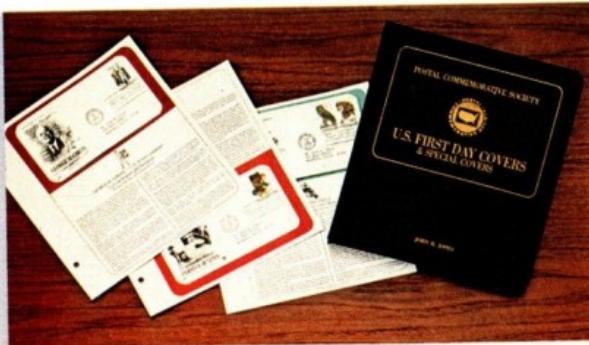
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Illustrated above, on turn number 5 at the Sears Point International race course, is the extraordinary BMW 528i four-wheel independent suspension system in operation. Note: as the car goes into the sharp high-speed turn, the unique angling of the MacPherson front struts reduces the lean of the inside front wheel, while the outside front wheel remains vertical; inside and outside rear wheels remain vertical due to the semi-trailing arm design in the rear.

Unaccountably, many of the world's luxury sedan makers seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the world is one long, flat highway where the driver need excel at nothing more serious than parallel parking.

Inevitably, this attitude has led to a proliferation of luxury sedans that provide a driving experience one automotive expert has described as "...the ultimate act of motoring passivity."

At the Bavarian Motor Works, we have noted this trend and quite deliberately chosen to ignore it.

For the engineers at BMW—racing engineers by nature and profession—view driving as a thing that should be taken seriously and done well.

Which is why the BMW 528i—a luxury car by anyone's standards—is, nevertheless, a luxury car built to be driven on high-speed autobahns and over the tortuous roads of the Bavarian Alps. A sedan that is de-

erately engineered to include the driver as a functioning part of the car itself—the human part that completes the mechanical circuit.

WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO.

It has long been our contention that extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

Consequently, when you drive the BMW 528i for the first time, you will experience a unique sensation of control, an exhilarating sense of ownership with the car itself.

The suspension system in the BMW 528i—Independent on all four wheels—allows each wheel to adapt itself quickly and cleanly to every driving and road condition.

Its steering system is sharp and accurate.

The four-speed manual transmis-

sion (automatic is available) slips precisely into each gear. And its acceleration comes up smoothly, with the turbine-like whine so characteristic of the renowned BMW 6-cylinder engine.

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So successful is this total integration of driver and machine—that—perhaps for the first time—you will find yourself actually enjoying the act of driving.

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World

IRAN

Now It Is Up to the Shah

Will his departure alleviate a winter of discontent?

The first heavy snows of winter began falling across Iran last week, blanketing once bustling boulevards and the country's strike-bound industrial centers. For a time, even Tehran fell silent, though at least 30 people were killed and more than 120 wounded in clashes in other cities. Iran's revolution was far from over, fueled still by the fact that the Shah had not yet left the country.

Despite the Shah's earlier pledge to Prime Minister Shapour Bakhtiar, 62, head of the nation's new civilian government, that he would take a "holiday" outside the country, the 59-year-old monarch had not budged. But perhaps it was a matter of precise timing. In Washington late last week, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced that the Shah would indeed leave soon on an extended vacation. It was a sound idea, added Vance, "and we concur with that decision." Wary of appearing to meddle in Iran's crisis, Washington issued discreet instructions to Ambassador William Sullivan to respond affirmatively if the Shah asked his advice about leaving the country. It was clear that the longer he remained, the more difficult would be the process of unifying the nation. Bakhtiar later announced that the Shah might leave this week. Among skeptics, that message gained credibility at week's end when the Shah took the significant step of naming the nine-member regency council required by law to rule in his absence.

Meanwhile, Bakhtiar, an ex officio regency-council member, moved to win popular support for his government. He immediately lifted press censorship and reopened the universities closed last June. In presenting his new Cabinet to Parliament, he detailed elements of a program that included support for Iran's Arab neighbors, "especially the Palestinians," and a ban on future oil shipments to Israel and South Africa. He promised to disband SAVAK, the secret police, and announced that he had released 266 political prisoners and would compensate families of the more than 2,000 Iranians who had been killed in the months of rioting.

Washington, too, tried to marshal support for the new government, even as the threat of a military coup grew more ominous. Reports from U.S. military attachés described how troops were being reassigned to areas distant from relatives and friends, a step that some analysts viewed as a way to lessen any inhibitions among the soldiers to open fire during a confrontation with anti-Shah protesters. To defuse the coup threat, the Administration dispatched General Robert E. Huyster to Tehran to coax military leaders into supporting Bakhtiar.

A coup would almost certainly mean

a bloodbath—"worse than Chile," according to U.S. officials. It was doubtful that the army could effectively run the country or get oil production back to normal. As a Western diplomat observed last week, "The military has proved they can take over the streets, but they can't get people back to work."

In what appeared to be a cautious attempt to avoid inciting the army, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the opposition's exiled religious leader, last week issued new orders to his followers to avoid "indiscriminate violence." He also de-

manded that they leave the capital and return to their villages. "We must not let the Shah return to us," he said. "He must remain in exile." The Shah, however, was leaving Iran—though not for long—and the revolution was far from over. The Shah's departure, like his arrival, was a momentous event in a year of momentous events. As he left, he was cheered by a crowd of Iranian political prisoners, pardoned from life sentences, who were released from prison.



Iranian political prisoners, pardoned from life sentences, are cheered on release from prison
"People have changed their spirit. We are not afraid any more."

clared that he bore "no hostility" toward countries that might give the Shah asylum and would allow continued oil shipments to the West. "Our relations with the U.S.," he added, "would be good relations as long as the U.S. stops supporting the Shah and leaves us to decide our own destiny."

Even as the Shah remained secluded behind the walls of Niavaran Palace, he was striving to cut his losses. The palace announced that the Shah had decided to donate \$230 million to the Pahlavi Foundation, but most Iranians were convinced that the grant was a mere token. Besides, cynics argued, the Pahlavi Foundation, with its vast global network of real estate, banks and corporations estimated to be worth around \$3 billion is controlled by the Shah.

There was nothing, in short, that would become the Shah's reign so much

as their new country is their money."

A local grocer in Tehran told McWhirter that the panic hoarding of past months had ceased. "People have changed their spirit," he said. "There is nothing we are afraid of any more. Before, the old government told us to charge ten tomans (\$1.30) for a box of sweets and we charged twelve. Now Khomeini says to charge ten and we charge nine."

When a soldier walked into the shop, he was greeted amiably by the other customers. He assured a schoolteacher: "I want whatever the people want." And what was that? As one Western expert put it last week, "Iranians want a slower pace, a more traditional society. In a Muslim country, the duty of a good government is simply not to interfere in the lives of its people too much and to allow them to live as good Muslims." Whether Iran will get that kind of government is still far from certain. ■

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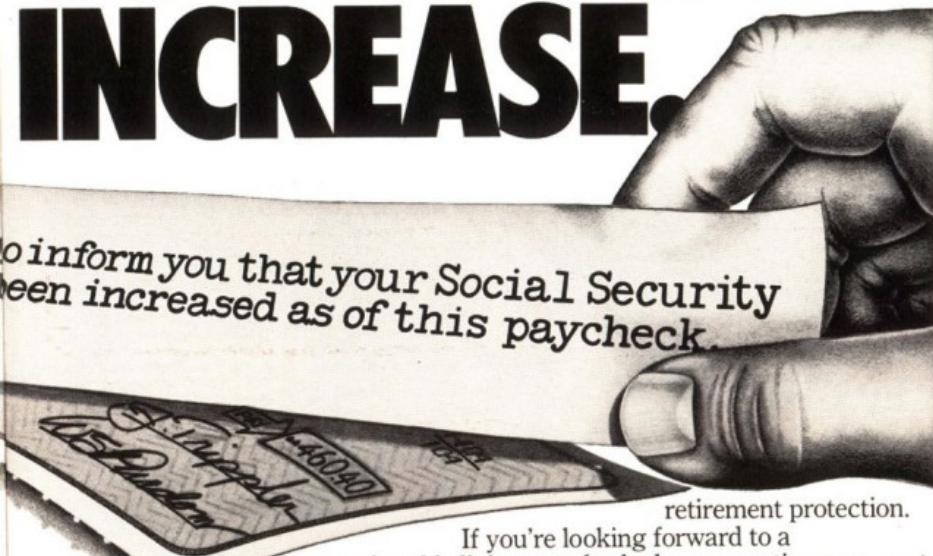
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World

One Man's Word Is Law

And Khomeini is the archon of the oilfields

At the behest of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, 37,000 militant Iranian oil workers and technicians had virtually closed down the country's production, reducing the oil flow from 6 million bbl. a day to a drip of 75,000 bbl. Last week, as if to demonstrate his absolute mastery, Khomeini ordered workers to allow enough crude production from the fields to satisfy Iran's 900,000-bbl. domestic needs—but no more. TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis visited the oilfields in the southern province of Khuzestan as militant workers returned to their jobs. His report:

Khuzestan is a land of extreme contrasts. Shepherds patrol its rocky bluffs; shrouded women kneel at the banks of mountain streams, pounding their laundry in the frigid waters. Across this primitive scene, an aluminum pipeline traces its course like a splinter of light across the land, eventually becoming part of the maze of an oil refinery. Today in Khuzestan, ancient faith and modern wealth have blended into an irresistible political force. It has emasculated what is left of Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi's influence and placed Khuzestan's wealth of oil and natural gas in the hands of one man: Ayatullah Khomeini. "Now we are a power," declared one strike leader. "We fought for it with the message of Khomeini in our hearts. We will restore the Koran and Islam to the oilfields. We will not give up the oil of Khuzestan." Says I. Amraie, district manager of the National Iranian Oil Co. (NIOC) in Ahwaz: "The Khomeini workers dominate every aspect of the business. The future is now in Khomeini's hands. He is the boss."

In other words, the country's bounteous oilfields have now been Islamized. The 39 oil wells in the Khuzestan area, the modern refinery (the world's largest) at Abadan, the depots, pipelines and innumerable areas where drilling and exploration formerly went on, all belong to Khomeini loyalists. The mullah has become the archon of the oilfields. His picture is everywhere.

The mullah's power was vividly demonstrated last week when one of his personal spokesmen, Mehdi Bazargan, 61, traveled to Khuzestan to relay Khomeini's back-to-work order. Bazargan was welcomed in regal style. Wherever

he went, he was protected by burly oil workers who muzzled and bodily removed hecklers from his audiences. Local mullahs appeared constantly at Bazargan's side. "I have not come here as a strike-breaker," said Bazargan unnecessarily, since fealty and brute force had given him the most receptive of audiences.

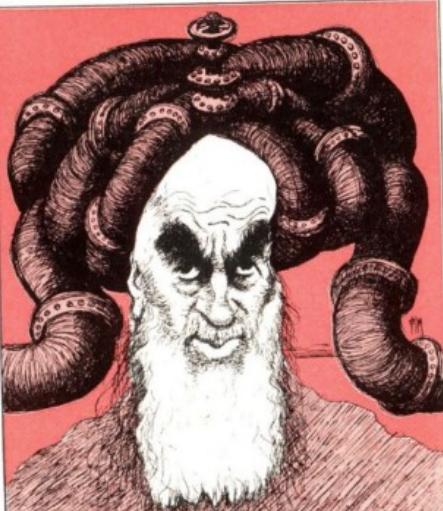
For weeks, rumors circulated in Tehran that Communist sympathizers had taken over the oilfields. The concerns were understandable, but false. The Tudeh (Masses) Party, Iran's Communist-oriented, outlawed dissident movement, is impotent in Khuzestan. "If there are 5,000

Housing for other oil workers is a miserable patchwork, almost as if patterned on the primitive mud huts of the Iranian countryside. Open sewers flank the area, while dogs nose their way through mounds of exposed garbage. The smell of filth permeates the air. The only sign of 20th century amenities is a spate of television aerials atop most of the homes. "They tried to buy us with television," says one of the local strike leaders, who would identify himself only with the *nom de guerre* Hossein. "My father used to tell us about this land with tears in his eyes. When I first heard about Khomeini a year and a half ago, I knew that he spoke to my generation. Khomeini is the only guarantor of the Iranian people, their interests and their land. Now we have power, and we are going to use it."

One way in which the Khomeini loyalists are using that power is to hike their wages. According to a strike leader, the average salary in the oilfields in prestrike days was \$71 a month. Now the workers have demanded, and received, across-the-board raises of 22½%. They have also ordered the Iranian army out of the fields. Says NIOC District Manager Amraie: "The workers are calling the shots. It's now what they wanted it to be—a strictly Iranian operation." The beleaguered executive admits that there have been some ominous telephone threats, but unlike his boss, Hushang Ansary, who left Iran for "medical reasons" after a trip to the turbulent oilfields, Amraie has stuck to his post. Says he: "The Khomeini oil workers are true and good men, and they have more than a sackful of grievances. It's clear that what they want is not unreasonable."

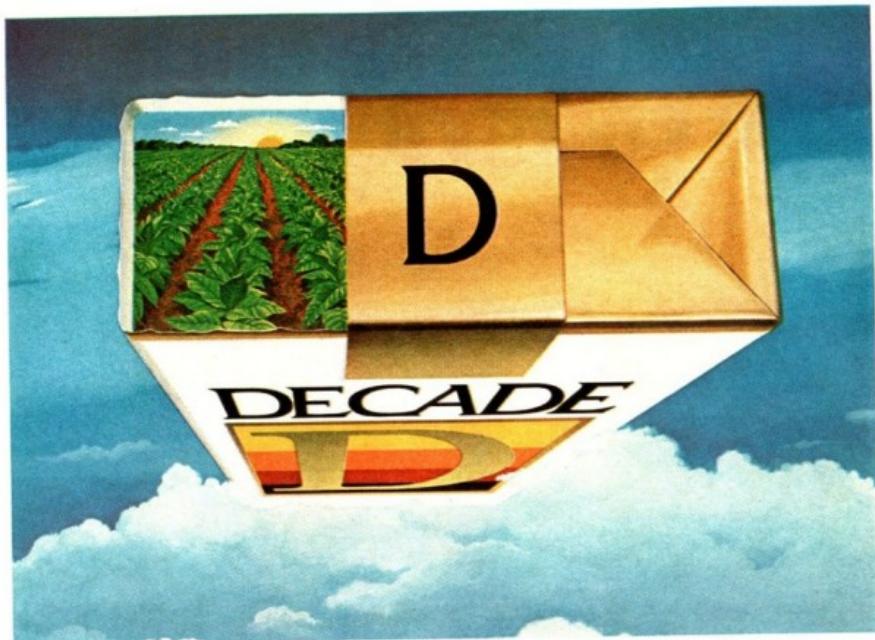
Amraie's laudable dedication to his job is matched by that of many of the workers, but for different reasons. The day after the NIOC manager delivered his tribute to his revolution-minded employees, an oil truck burrowed through a fierce blizzard on the Zagros mountain road from Khuzestan to Tehran. At the mountain hamlet of Zalian, the driver came to a stop. Inside a shelter, he performed the ritual Muslim ablutions. Then, barefoot, the worshiper stepped onto a spotless linoleum platform and began his prayers. Afterward, he explained that he was willing to brave the storm to get badly needed heating oil to Tehran—but not out of any love for the new civilian government. Said the trucker: "It's for Khomeini. He says our people need help, so we're willing to provide it."

It was clear that one man's word is law in the rugged wastes of southern Iran, and that man is not the Shah.



Communists down here, that's a lot," said a Khomeini militant. "They are nothing."

The perceived antagonists were foreign managers and technicians, most of whom have departed. Says one Iranian oil worker: "The foreigners who were here earned enormous salaries for jobs that any one of us could have done. The Shah thought we were too stupid." In the foreign-dominated management compound at Ahwaz, for example, employees enjoyed air conditioning, swimming pools and modern bathrooms. Their kitchens were modern, right down to the inclusion of garbage-disposal units in the sinks. The housing units were tree-shaded, and protected by high fences topped with concertinas of barbed wire.



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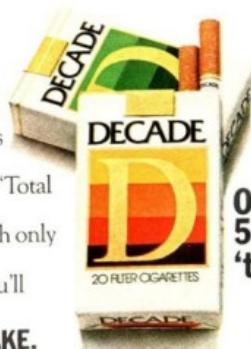
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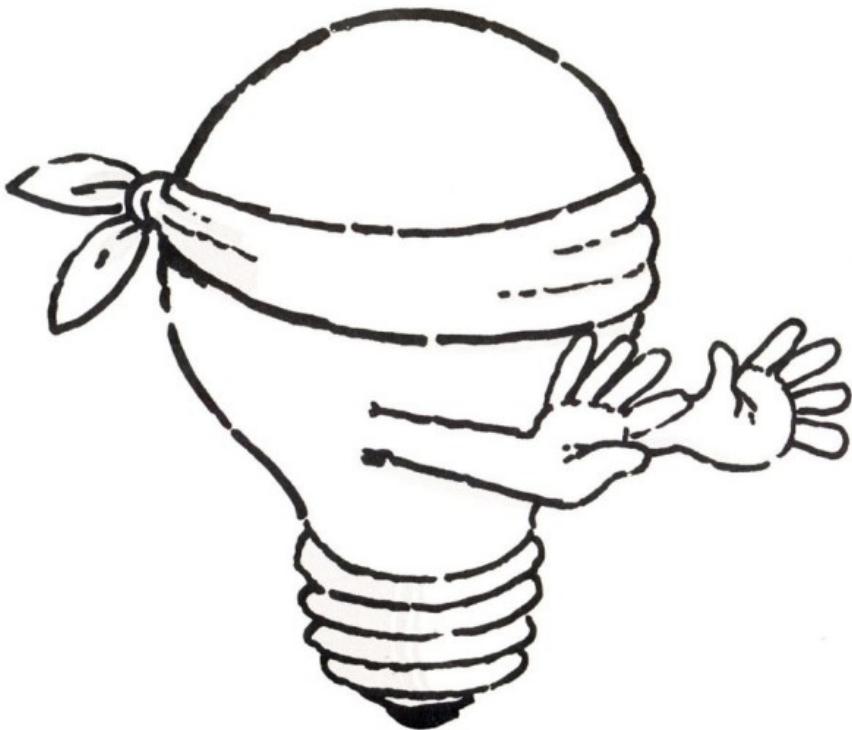
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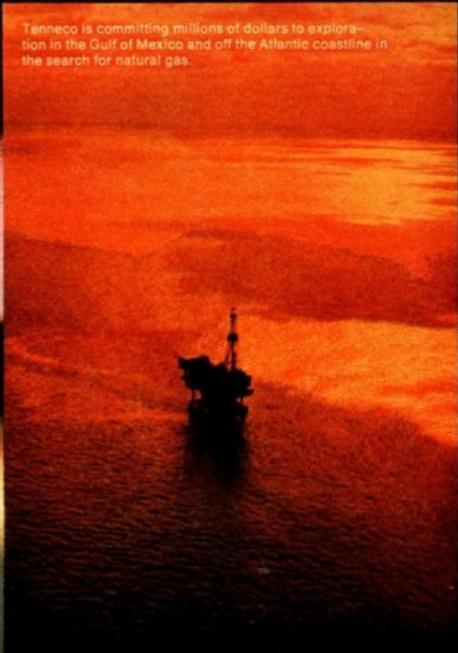
Built by Tenneco's Newport News Shipbuilding, this liquefied natural gas tanker carries enough energy to meet the needs of a city of 34,000 people for a year.



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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



World

LATIN AMERICA

War Averted

By "the Vatican Kissinger"

The Vatican's Cardinal Antonio Samoré, 73, left Buenos Aires for Rome last week to report to Pope John Paul II on "the little that I have done." Actually, he had done quite a lot. After a fortnight of shuttle diplomacy, Samoré had pretty well averted the danger of war between Argentina and Chile. At the close of a meeting in nearby Montevideo, Uruguay, the Argentine government of President Jorge Rafael Videla and the Chilean junta of President Augusto Pinochet signed an agreement in which they promised not to use force against each other, pledged to reduce the military buildup along their 2,600-mile border, and asked the Pope to mediate the outstanding dispute between them.

That dispute concerns the area around three rocky little islands in the Beagle Channel, at the tip of South America. Since 1881, Chile has more or less controlled the islands and Argentina has claimed them. As long ago as 1896, the two countries called on Queen Victoria to settle the matter, but when she ruled in favor of Chile, the angry Argentines balked. In 1977, an international tribunal appointed by the British government supported Chile's claim, and once again the Argentines objected. So last month, amid threats of war, the two strongly Catholic countries accepted Pope John Paul II's offer to send a special envoy.

Cardinal Samoré attacked his special assignment with what a U.S. diplomat in Buenos Aires called "the tenacity of a bulldog." In 15 days, he spent 60 hours in conferences and 56 hours in the air, earning himself the nickname "the Vatican Kissinger."

If the Pope manages to settle the Beagle affair, he may find himself saddled with more chores of the same kind. Bolivia wants him to persuade Chile to return Bolivia's access to the sea, which Chile seized in the 1880s. And then there is that little matter in the Middle East... ■



ETA guerrillas undergoing military training in Spain's Basque region

SPAIN

A Wave of Basque Terror

Serving the right

They train in the mountains of Spain's Basque region with weapons bought from the proceeds of bank robberies and extortion. They are mostly young, middle class, Marxist-Leninist in ideology. They carry out their bloody missions skillfully—eight political killings so far this year, 63 last year—if sometimes reluctantly. Says the mother of one: "My son did not enjoy killing, but he thought that otherwise nothing could be accomplished." Their acronym, ETA (for *Euzkadi ta Azkatasuna*, or Basque Homeland and Liberty), has become synonymous with terror in Spain. Their goal: an independent state composed of the four predominantly Basque provinces in Spain and the three in France.

ETA killers are responsible for most, but not all, of Spain's current wave of terrorism. Last week, for example, Supreme Court Justice Miguel Cruz Cuenca was killed by gunfire on a busy downtown Madrid street. His murder, according to police, was the work not of ETA but of another group of Marxist terrorists, GRAPO (for Oct. 1 Anti-Fascist Resistance Groups), which the authorities had thought was in decline. But ETA was responsible for the assassination two weeks ago of General Constantino Ortín Gil, 63, Madrid's military governor, and the shooting of a policeman who died last week. Then, at week's end, bombs of ETA manufacture killed two more policemen.

The relatively small size of the ETA organization is misleading. It can probably call on no more than 300 men for terrorist activity at any time; another 300 provide intelligence, cover and shel-

ter. But as Carlos Garaicochea, president of the moderate Basque Nationalist Party, says, "You cannot minimize the strength of ETA." Its resources include an estimated \$3.5 million stolen from banks and factory payroll offices last year, as well as uncalculated amounts of "revolutionary taxes" exacted from frightened Basque businessmen.

Part of ETA's present strategy of violence may be directed toward the country's March 1 general elections. ETA would like to provoke the largely conservative military leadership into seizing power and cracking down on the Basques, thereby increasing ETA's support in its home provinces and bolstering its cause. The terrorists are probably not powerful enough to set off a widespread revolt on their own, but they can cause considerable unrest, particularly in the army and among right-wing groups. At the funeral of General Ortín two weeks ago, a throng of restive officers grabbed the casket and carried it through downtown Madrid. The spectacle greatly embarrassed their commander in chief, King Juan Carlos, 41, who later told a group of generals, "An army that has lost discipline cannot be saved."

At the height of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's repression of the region, sympathy for ETA ran high among Spain's 2.5 million Basques. But continuing terrorism has eroded that feeling. At present, says Nationalist Party President Garaicochea: "ETA is not serving the interests of the Basques; instead it is helping the right." Garaicochea's party wants taxes, social security, education, communications and law-and-order to be the responsibilities of the Basque people within something akin to a federal system. Under the new constitution, Basques are likely to get more of that than they have had in decades of repression—but not all of it. That could keep ETA destructively busy for some time to come. ■

"Named for the ship that carried British Naturalist Charles Darwin on his 1831-36 voyage.



Economy & Business

Trying to Slow Social Security

While taxpayers howl and a time bomb ticks, Carter asks for cuts

The budget that Jimmy Carter sends to Congress next week will make history in one respect: it will propose the first significant cuts ever made in Social Security benefits. The reductions would not touch the basic payments made to retired people, widows and Medicare patients. Still, a year or two ago, no President would have dared advocate even two-bit trimming of what has long been the most popular and sacrosanct of all Government programs. Carter's plans so far have provoked barely a peep of protest from Congress because the legislators know that the rapid growth of Social Security benefits has put a time bomb under the whole U.S. economy.

In 1977, to save the system from being bankrupted by the rise in payouts, Congress passed the biggest tax increase of any kind in history: \$227 billion over ten years. As angry workers were reminded when they opened their first paychecks of 1979, the initial boost mandated by the new law took effect New Year's Day. The real impact for many will be felt later in the year, as Social Security payroll deductions that stopped in 1978 when an employee had earned \$17,700 continue until he or she reaches \$22,900. That person's total tax goes up \$333, to \$1,404.

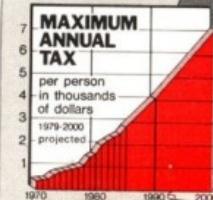
That is only the start. In 1981 the tax rate rises from 6.13% to 6.65%, and the tax will be collected on \$29,700 in earnings. The maximum bite on any employee jumps to \$1,975 in 1981, and to a projected \$2,792 in 1985.

Those increases will severely reduce consumer purchasing power, especially for low- and middle-income workers, who often pay more in Social Security than in income taxes. But even that is not all. In theory, employers pay Social Security taxes equal to those levied on their workers. In practice, the public pays the employers' share too, because companies raise prices to pass along the boost. This year's increase may add half a point to the U.S. inflation rate; the bigger rise in 1981 will push prices up much more. Some bosses may also choose to hire fewer workers because the tax raises the cost of each employee. So the increases probably will aggravate unemployment as well as inflation.

Appalled by these prospects, and still more by voter fury, Congressmen are searching for ways to roll back the tax boosts. The increases are unavoidable if payouts continue to rise at their present superheated rate—from \$39 billion as recently as 1970 to an expected \$135 bil-

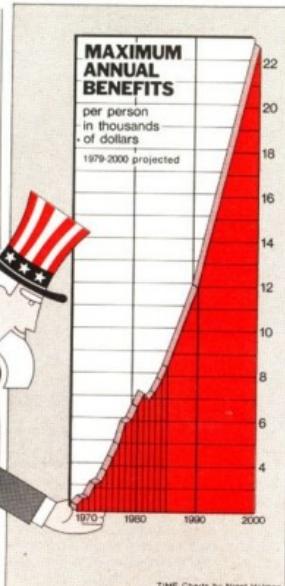
lion this year and almost \$250 billion in 1985. Falling birth rates shortly will reduce the supply of new workers available to pay taxes, and people are living longer, thus collecting benefits for many more years than the architects of the Social Security Act of 1935 ever anticipated.

Presidents and Congresses have competed to make the program more generous. They have grafted extremely costly disability and Medicare programs onto what started out as a straightforward retirement plan. They have raised benefits so much that some blue-collar families can collect Social Security pensions equal to 85% of the after-tax incomes they earned while working. And pensions now rise automatically with inflation. The bills for



all this present a painful dilemma: the Government must either find some method of financing other than the payroll tax or slow the growth of benefits—which will probably have to be done in any case.

Carter's budget proposals make a small start. The President would: 1) eliminate the \$255 lump-sum burial benefit paid to survivors; 2) phase out benefits paid to students aged 18 to 21 who are children of a retired, disabled or dead Social Security beneficiary; 3) repeal the \$121.80 minimum monthly retirement benefit now collected by people who have paid as little as \$100 in Social Security taxes during their entire lifetimes; 4) tighten disability rules so that fewer young workers will collect for a lifetime after a few years of labor; 5) continue to provide that pensioners must reach age 72 before they can have unlimited earnings from outside jobs and still



collect full Social Security benefits (under present law, the age at which this is permitted would drop to 70 in 1982).

The total savings would amount to \$600 million next year, and \$3 billion annually by 1984. All experts on Social Security agree that far more fundamental reforms are needed. Among the leading ideas for change:

- Cover everybody. While 108 million workers contribute to Social Security, some 6 million state, city and federal employees do not; they have their own, more generous pension plans. The taxes they would pay could help shore up the Social Security system, but government workers loudly complain that their benefits would be reduced. At minimum, Congress should end the outrageous double-dipping by government workers who retire early, work just long enough in a private job to qualify under Social Security and then collect those benefits on top of their liberal government pensions.
- Slow the rise in benefits. Many econ-



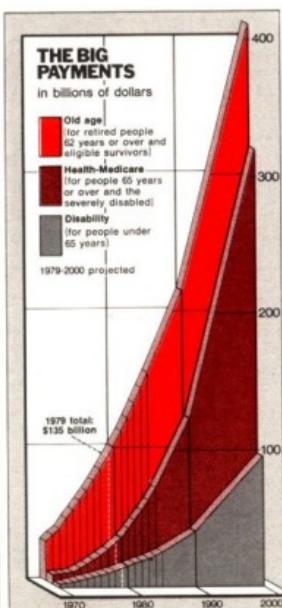
At the system's vault in Baltimore County, each tape contains 490,000 records

Fundamental reforms are needed, but the President's trimming is at least a start.

omists suggest tying the growth not to increases in wages (as is done now) but to increases in consumer prices, which are expected to rise less than wages. Some other ideas: tighten disability standards further; raise the age at which full Social Security benefits can be collected from 65 to 68; phase out the benefits paid to non-working spouses of Social Security retirees. Benefits to spouses not only are expensive, but they also discriminate against working women. Many wives who work long years in low-paying jobs retire on pensions that are little if any higher than they could have collected if they had never paid any Social Security taxes at all.

► Tap general revenues. Even significant reductions in the growth of benefits may not stop the payroll tax from rising oppressively, so long as it is the only source of financing. Many liberals advocate using revenues from general income and corporate taxes. That would mean increasing income taxes or cutting them less in future years than would otherwise happen. But it would also shift the burden from an inflationary tax to one that is less damaging to the economy because it would not raise employers' costs so much. But many conservatives, among others, fear that paying Social Security benefits even partly out of general revenues would remove all incentive for Congress to hold down the growth of benefits, since the legislators would no longer have to couple any increase with a rise in the highly visible, and painful, payroll tax. Senator Russell Long and Representative Al Ullman, the top congressional tax writers, suggest supplementing the payroll tax with a "value added tax," a kind of indirect sales tax on a broad range of goods. Opponents object that VAT also is inflationary.

The rises in benefits and taxes scheduled for the next few years pale before those expected by the year 2000, when, by some calculations, the top Social Security tax on a worker will have to climb



to a frightening \$7,160. And the early 21st century will be even worse: there are now three workers to support each beneficiary, but then there will be only two. Social Security unquestionably has brought the nation immense benefits by enabling millions of people to live in dignity rather than poverty. But the U.S. simply cannot afford to keep it growing at the present dangerous rate. ■

The Guidelines Pass a Test

Settling for less than 7%

The Administration seemed to chalk up a qualified victory last week in the first major union settlement under President Carter's wage guidelines. After tense talks, the oilworkers finally wrapped up an agreement with Gulf Oil and Amoco. The deal more or less stays within the White House wage standard, which calls for a limit of 7% on pay and new benefit increases over the life of a contract.

The pact would give more than 60,000 of the members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW) a 73¢-an-hour pay boost in the first year, which is an increase of 8%, and a 5% raise in the second year. That averages out to just under 7% annually, but there is also a clause allowing a reopening of contract talks in the second year.

Company contributions to the medical insurance plan would climb \$12 a month per family, to \$84; the percentage rise exceeds the guidelines, but the amount of money involved is small—less than workers had demanded. Union members were expected to approve the settlement, and it will probably serve as a model for the 98 other firms involved in the industrywide bargaining.

Union and company negotiators agree that without the guideposts the settlement would have been bigger. The President was particularly eager to hold the line on the oilworkers' agreement because, as the first settlement under the guideposts, it may also set a pattern for this year's heavy calendar of labor talks. The Teamsters, whose contract expires March 31, will provide the next big test. Though they are expected to put up a tougher fight than the OCAW, the oil settlement is bound to have some restraining influence.

Carter got some other good news on the labor front last week. Seeking to narrow the wide rift that has developed between the Administration and labor, the President met at the White House with a delegation of top union leaders headed by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who has been brutally critical of the wage-price program. After the session, Meany indicated that he would soften his objections over policy, making it easier for the Administration to deal with unions one by one.

The President, however, faces much less success with his proposal for "real wage insurance." Under it, groups of employees who settle within the wage guidelines would get income tax credits if inflation were to rise above 7% this year. The measure goes to Capitol Hill this week, but so many Congressmen believe that the plan would be an administrative nightmare that it is virtually dead. ■



Harold McGraw, heir to a divided empire, is on the defensive, while Amexco's James D. Robinson III seems confident of conquering new worlds



BOB LANGRISH/STAFF

Bid and Battle for a Publisher

With a hoard of cash, American Express aims at McGraw-Hill

In the great takeover race of the past few years, American Express has been left at the starting gate. The financial and travel conglomerate has made offers for Philadelphia Life Insurance Co., Walt Disney Productions and Book-of-the-Month Club, only to be turned down or outbid. It has also sounded out others but received a polite no. Amexco's young, aggressive management is not about to give up. Faced with heating competition for its dominance of credit cards and traveler's checks, the company is looking for profitable new uses for its money. That hoard is so huge—\$4.4 billion in cash and securities, plus the \$1.8 billion "float" of uncashed traveler's checks—that Amexco can make a handsome offer for almost any corporation. Last week it surprisingly bid for McGraw-Hill Inc., the publishing empire (1977 sales: \$659 million) that produces *Business Week*, some 60 other magazines, newsletters and information services, as well as books and Standard & Poor's bond-rating service; it also owns four TV stations.

The drama began Monday when James D. Robinson III, Amexco's 43-year-old chairman, walked into the office of Harold McGraw, 61, chairman of McGraw-Hill. Robinson brought with him Amexco President Roger Morley, who is also a McGraw-Hill director; Morley earlier had dropped some hints of Amexco's interest, but they were so subtle that McGraw may have failed to pick them up. The two American Express chiefs gave McGraw a letter proposing that Amexco buy all of McGraw-Hill's stock for \$830 million in cash, or cash and Amexco stock if McGraw-Hill stockholders preferred, and run McGraw-Hill as a subsidiary without changing the management. Morley accompanied that with a letter resigning from the McGraw-Hill board.

The meeting was brief and cordial, and McGraw did not then answer. The next morning he said he was "negative" and asked stockholders to do nothing until the board meets this week to study the offer. The Amexco bid comes to \$34 a McGraw-Hill share, a fat premium over the \$26 market price just before the bid. But

Harold McGraw, grandson of the company's founder and a man set in his ways, wants to keep the family in command.

To help fight one of the biggest takeover bids in history, McGraw hired Morgan Stanley & Co., the old-line investment banking firm that is expert in defending takeover targets or at least in forcing the bidder to raise the price. There were hints that McGraw is shopping around for a "white knight," a buyer more to his taste. Not totally convincingly, American Broadcasting Co. denied reports that it had made an offer for McGraw-Hill.

On its side, American Express enlisted the aid of the Lazard Frères investment banking firm, and Lazard in turn engaged Joseph Flom, a lawyer famed for his skill in fighting long delaying actions against takeovers and thus an expert on how to counteract such tactics. American Express further arranged \$700 million in stand-by credits from major banks. It obviously does not need the money, but might prefer to borrow for the takeover rather than cash in some high-yielding securities.

Wall Streeters expect Amexco to win, though it probably will have to raise its bid above \$40 a share. McGraw-Hill has prospered: between 1971 and 1977, earnings increased from \$19.8 million to \$51.4 million. But it has an image of unadventurous management, and the stock has declined from a high of \$56 in 1967.

Worse, the company has been rent by management and family feuds. Charles C. ("Jim") Randolph was fired in 1976 as publisher of *Business Week*, for reasons that say much about the company. Dashing, articulate Randolph did not get on well with earnest, staid Harold McGraw; he also demanded more autonomy for his magazine, which is the company's richest moneymaker, than McGraw was willing to grant. In this battle, Randolph made the mistake of allying with Executive Vice President Donald McGraw, who fell out with his cousin Harold and then quit the company and later left the board under pressure. Since Harold became chairman in 1976, another cousin,

John McGraw, has also resigned as executive vice president.

The feuding family directly owns about 12% of the stock, and perhaps as much as 23% when the holdings of other relatives and family trusts are counted. Last week most family members publicly backed Harold McGraw, but some hinted that they might vote with their pocketbooks if Amexco sweetens its price. Indeed, one much rumored reason for Donald McGraw's leaving the company was that he was willing to listen to takeover bids while Cousin Harold was not.

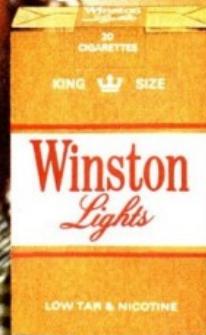
American Express has reason to persist and even to raise its offer. Under Howard L. Clark, who was chairman from 1960 through early 1977, revenues soared from \$75 million to \$3.4 billion, and profits hit \$262 million. Growth has continued under new Chairman Robinson, the workaholic scion of an Atlanta banking family and protégé of Family Friend Clark. But Amexco has largely saturated the market for high-income holders of credit cards, and competitor Visa and some major banks are also trying to sell their own traveler's checks. Earnings from Fireman's Fund Insurance Co., acquired by Amexco in 1968, are large (48% of the company's profits) but cyclical. Amexco stands to get a much higher profit by investing its pile of cash in a capital-intensive business like publishing instead of in securities. The company could sell magazines and books to its 9 million mostly affluent credit card holders, allow them to charge their subscriptions on the card, and, if the cardholders gave their permission, automatically renew the subscriptions without going to the costly bother of resoliciting them every year or two.

Some McGraw-Hill employees fear that a takeover would cramp their editorial independence, though it is hard to see how Amexco would be different from any management, including the present one. In any case, those fears have an ironic ring. In a mostly laudatory cover story on Robinson and American Express ("a cash machine"), *Business Week* advised in its Dec. 19, 1977, issue that Amexco's "best response" to new competition would be "to look for additional products for its affluent market, or to find other businesses that fit its specialized mold." Little did the staff guess that their own company would be target No. 1. ■

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Economy & Business

Glowing Future for Forest Power

New England gets fired up over an ancient fuel

The surging price of heating oil is bad news for most homeowners, but not for Walt Schneider of Cannondale, Conn. Schneider's business is selling wood-burning stoves and fireplace accessories. Every time OPEC tacks yet another increase onto the price of a barrel of imported oil, fresh waves of Schneider's neighbors come streaming into his shop in search of a solution to their overheated bills.

In the past five years the long dormant wood-stove industry has been fanned back to life by the energy crisis, and nowhere is demand stronger than in New England, where good old-fashioned Yankee self-reliance and vast stands of hardwood forests stretching from the Canadian border to the New York City suburbs are combining to help free the region from its 80% dependence on foreign oil. Since 1970, the use of wood for energy in New England has grown sixfold, and in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire a full 18% of all households now rely on the fuel as their primary heating source. People are simply finding that they can save money by putting a wood stove or furnace in their homes, and then going out to the backyard and cutting down their own fuel.

Stoves and furnaces are a much more economical and efficient means of burning wood than is the venerable glowing fireplace. A cheery hearth may be aesthetically appealing but it also wastes more energy than it saves. When wood is burned in an open fireplace, 50% of its energy goes up the chimney. Worse, chimney drafts suck even more heat out of the house itself. Wood stoves, generally priced at \$400 to \$600, eliminate the waste by putting the fire in an airtight metal chamber that regulates the oxygen flow by means of an adjustable vent. This produces a hotter, slower-burning blaze than in a fireplace. More important, the stove throws its heat into the room instead of up the chimney.

With demand for stoves growing, companies are turning out fresh designs that are not only more efficient than the traditional Franklin stove but also a good deal more pleasing to look at. Until recently, imported stoves such as the cigar-shaped Le Petit Godin from France or the futuristic-looking wood burners of Scandinavia have been the industry's

pacesetters. Now the slumping dollar is driving up import prices, and people find that they can often get better value with a domestic product like the Vermont-made Downdrafter or the Connecticut-made All Nighter.

As interest in conservation grows, stoves and furnaces are also becoming more technologically sophisticated. Several coal- and oil-burner manufacturers offer central-heating systems that can operate on either wood or fossil fuels, or both at the same time. New York's Oneida Heater Co., one of the nation's old-

of its forest land is owned by individuals, often in plots of less than ten acres. That has made it difficult for lumber and paper companies to come in and negotiate logging contracts, and much of the wilderness has become overgrown with low-grade timber of little commercial value. The New England Regional Commission, an economic development group, puts the total energy content of the area's forests at the equivalent of some 3 billion bbl. of oil, roughly the proven reserves of the Middle East sultanate of Oman. Unlike oil, the forest is a renewable resource and could provide a significant fraction of New England's energy needs indefinitely.

So far, Washington's attitude toward forest power seems somewhat muddled. The Department of Energy is spending \$42 million on wood-energy projects of all sorts, but the tax provisions of the Carter energy program do not give homeowners credits for the purchase of wood stoves, even though such credits are granted to families that save energy by adding insulation, solar panels and even windmills to their homes. One idea getting some attention from DOE officials is a feasibility study by a subsidiary of New Hampshire's Wheelabrator-Frye Inc. to build a wood-fueled electricity- and steam-generating plant in New England that would produce 30 megawatts, or enough to supply all the electricity and heating for a community of 30,000. Cost: \$50 million to \$55 million.

More than 150 New England industrial firms have already gone over to wood power. The Burlington, Vt., municipal electric department is one of the converts. The changeover, which involved refitting one of the plant's three coal-fired boilers, was made 18 months ago at a cost of only \$25,000. The expense was negligible because most of the work was handled by the plant's engineers in their spare time. Explains General Manager Robert Young: "I have friends at IBM who say that for \$25,000 they'd probably still be hiring consultants. Well, we got the job done because we went out and did it ourselves, and without a lot of analyzing."

So successful is the Burlington project that the city's 45,000 residents have approved a \$40 million bond issue to build a 50-megawatt wood-fired generator to supply most of the area's electricity needs beginning in 1983. Says Alan Turner, head of Vermont's wood-energy program: "There are lots of questions about nuclear power in people's minds. Moreover, New England is at the end of the line for coal transportation and completely at the mercy of foreign oil price fluctuations. Wood, however, is right here, and the technology is proven. So why shouldn't we switch?" Why not indeed? ■



New home stove; wood chips for electricity in Vermont

As much potential energy as the sultanate of Oman.

est furnace makers, introduced a wood-fired line of furnaces five years ago and now does some 80% of its business with them. In Milwaukee, a go-cart manufacturer, Johnson Kart Co., five years ago developed a wood-burner adapter to fit onto existing oil-fired hot-air furnaces, and since then has tripled its work force and sold 50,000 of the units (price: \$269).

Stoves and furnaces are selling well in New England because so much wood is available near by. Many regions of the U.S. are heavily timbered, but New England is unique: more than three-fourths

Economy & Business

Hardly Any Room at the Inn

Space squeeze lifts rates, profits and hoteliers' spirits

Not since the hot-bed days of World War II have hotel rooms been so hard to get. In Las Vegas, tourists and conventioners are stacked tighter than a deck of cards. In Denver, occupancy rates seem to be climbing faster than the market price of silver. The only way that would-be guests can see the inside of a room at the Beverly Hills Hotel is to buy a \$4 ticket to the film *California Suite*, and the Los Angeles Marriott, a 1,020-room slab within easy earshot of the airport runways, is expected to hit 100% occupancy for more than 150 days this year. The squeeze is much the same in Detroit (where guests sometimes have to settle for space in Ann Arbor, an hour's drive away), New York (where 1,000- and 2,000-room hotels are often fully booked), Atlanta (where a couple of large conventions had to be refused because there were no rooms for the requested dates), and most other U.S. cities.

Space is tight, and hoteliers are smiling because of the boom in business travel and conventions, which together bring well over half of the business. As a result, the squeeze is worst on working days.

Tourism is also up because of the decline in airfares, and the devaluing of the dollar has lured many foreigners to U.S. hotels. A record 2 million people from abroad visited New York City last year, an increase of 8% over 1977. Says a manager at the chic Beverly Wilshire Hotel, where foreign guests have risen from 10% of the clientele ten years ago to close to 25% now: "We are getting so many Australians that I call one hallway my Australia Row."

U.S. prices seem cheap to foreigners—first-class double rooms can go for \$120 in London, \$180 in Paris and \$123 in Tokyo—but they are fast catching up. The most spartan single at the Beverly Wilshire has risen from less than \$50 three years ago to \$70 now, and doubles run as high as \$135. The New York Hilton has just lifted its corporate rate for special repeat customers from \$56 to \$64 plus taxes for a single room; ordinary customers pay as much as \$76, up \$6 from last year, for a single and \$92 for a double.

Occupancy rates nationwide have jumped from about 64% in 1975 to more than 72%, and many top hostelleries in big

cities are doing even better. First-class hotels in Dallas were almost 80% filled last year. Week after week in Houston's Southwest Galleria district, the Galleria Plaza and the Houston Oaks fill 95% of their rooms. Chicago's O'Hare Hilton runs at more than 100% capacity—with strangers bedding down with strangers or sleeping on couches in the lobby and in booths in the restaurant—when storms or fog grounds planes. Says General Manager Lynn Montjoy: "I'm the nasty man who prays for bad weather." Though they deny it, managers often overbook by about 10%. Admits Paul Sheeline, chairman of the Inter-Continental chain: "Hotels overbook a little, like the airlines, because some people do not show up."

High occupancy and rising rates lead to enviable profits. Earnings of Holiday Inns were up 24% in the first nine months of 1978, while Marriott ended its fiscal year up 30%. Hilton had the highest earnings for any month in its history last October: \$9.3 million.

The innkeepers are using much of the money to build new rooms because there is a severe hotel shortage. Many old hotels have closed: New York City has only 100,000 rooms, down from 120,000 at the end of World War II. Construction of new U.S. hotels declined for four straight years through mid-1977 as a re-

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A typical late-afternoon throng waiting to check in at the New York Hilton last week

Accommodations are scarce everywhere as corporate travel and conventions boom.

sult of recession and inflation. Now many grandiose projects are set to go or actually under way. Among them: the 1,050-room Palace and an 829-room hotel at the World Trade Center in Manhattan; the \$125 million Hilton with 1,800 rooms in Chicago; and two luxury hotels in Atlanta designed by John Portman, the architect who started that city's hotel surge in 1965 by building the spectacular, hollow-center Hyatt Regency.

With construction costs running at \$60,000 to \$100,000 a room, up from \$30,000 five years ago, and with interest rates at 12% or more, many hoteliers are choosing to renovate instead of build. Los

Angeles' opulent, Spanish baroque Biltmore—a 1,021-room establishment that opened in 1923—was bought by a team of local architects for a bargain \$5.4 million in 1976 and is in the final stages of being elegantly refurbished. Manhattan's Shelton Towers just reopened as the Halloran House; the Commodore is being rebuilt as the Grand Hyatt New York; and the Barclay, owned by Inter-Continental, is undergoing extensive redecoration. Even with all this activity, the prospect for travelers is a continuing squeeze and ever higher room rates. Tourists and business travelers would be wise to reserve early—and get confirmations in writing. ■

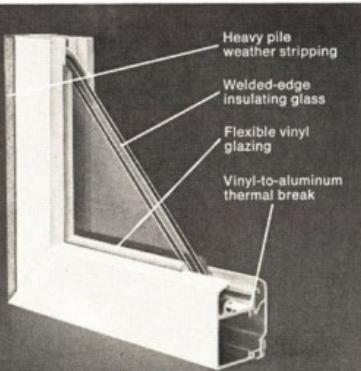
Bye Bye Bad Buy

Inflation kills the \$25 bond

The \$25 U.S. savings bond was pronounced dead last week, slipping away to join such other relics of the pre-inflationary past as the 5¢ candy bar and the two-bit shoeshine. The bonds will continue to be sold through Dec. 31, 1979, after which they will be replaced by a costlier series that will pay the same 6% but have a much longer maturity. The old issue sold for \$18.75 and paid \$25 in five years; the new one will cost \$25 but pay off \$50 in eleven years and nine months.

It was in May 1941, when Hitler was preparing to invade Russia, that the first buyer anted up \$18.75 for the first \$25 Series E bond. By last year 2.7 billion of them, \$67.5 billion worth, had been sold to kids who brought in their pennies and workers who had money deducted from each paycheck. Sales held steady over the years, even though inflation made the bonds a bad investment. But the expense of processing them went up so much that it did not pay to issue them. "The cost is the same whether the bond is \$25 or \$100," says a Treasury official, who estimates that eliminating the old \$25 standby, plus some other changes, will slice \$20 million off administrative costs. ■

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Economy & Business

Working Less

A shorter week in Germany

Labor unrest is hitting Europe. In Britain last week, striking truck drivers disrupted imports and food deliveries. In Spain, state employees briefly shut down the railroads in one of the biggest walkouts since the civil war. French steelworkers struck in Lorraine for a day to protest job cuts. But peace of sorts came to the Ruhr Valley as West German steelworkers voted to end a bitter 45-day strike.

This dispute, the country's second longest in any industry since World War

II, was the latest and most dramatic example of the growth of labor tensions in Germany. As layoffs loom in some troubled basic industries, the once cooperative German unions are becoming more and more militant. Disruptive strikes, previously rare, are increasing.

Unlike the disputes in last year's walkouts by the dockers, metalworkers and printers, the key issue in the steel fight was not wages but job security. The union wanted a cut in the work week from 40 to 35 hours to stem steel layoffs, which have been running at 1,000 a month for four years in an industry that has about 300,000 workers. But with profits sharply down because of import competition, the

steelmakers refused. The settlement allows both sides to claim a token victory. Officially the week remains 40 hours, but workers will now get extra time off that will effectively cut their on-the-job time to 38 hours.

The collapse of the national 40-hour norm gives other unions a target to follow. Said a spokesman for the Federation of Unions: "A beginning has been made. From now on reduced hours will be a standard demand." That could mean trouble for Europe's strongest economy and the end of the social contract that had produced a quarter century of industrial peace. German labor may be catching the British disease. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

New Bridges Between Blacks and Business

America's business people have a unique opportunity to form new alliances with a large, yearning and vocal group of Americans who were long thought to be hostile, or at best neutral, to business: the nation's 26 million blacks. They are not, of course, about to split on all issues from their traditional allies among liberals and labor. But Benjamin Hooks, chief of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, likes to quote the remark of Ossie Davis, actor and activist: "We have no permanent friends, we have no permanent enemies, we have only permanent interests."

More and more black leaders say that their interests coincide with those of business on energy legislation, Government regulation, environmental controls and numerous other issues. The nation should not necessarily alter its policies just because members of these two groups call for change, but the jointly held views of blacks and businessmen make sense on many matters.

No white businessmen are more forceful proponents of the minimum wage than such black economists as U.C.L.A.'s Thomas Sowell and Temple University's Walter E. Williams. Sowell has concluded that the rise and spread of minimum-wage coverage is a catastrophe for young and unskilled blacks. According to his studies, it is by far the major reason that the unemployment rate for 16- and 17-year-old black males is five times higher today than in 1952, when it actually was lower (8%) than comparable white teen-age unemployment. He finds it distressing that "people who are perfectly capable of doing a job have been made unemployable because they have been priced out of the market."

Sowell also believes that the rise of poor blacks has been blocked by environmental rules and other Government regulations, a view held by other black intellectuals. His argument: "Regulatory rules have impeded people who are climbing rather than people who are already at the top. There is a fundamental conflict between the affluent people, who can afford to engage in environmental struggles, and the poor people, who need space and access to recreation. If you're talking about keeping the coastline pure enough for the standards of the Sierra Club, you're talking about keeping the people living in Watts down in Watts. You don't see many black faces in the Sierra Club."

The same idea is echoed forcefully by Bayard

Rustin, the civil rights veteran, who condemns the "self-righteous, elitist neo-Malthusians who call for slow growth or no growth. The policies of these elitists would condemn the black underclass, the slum proletariat and rural blacks, to permanent poverty." Rustin contends that the curtailment of construction projects, factory expansions and farm ventures for environmental reasons already has cost many potential jobs for blacks. The only way that unemployed blacks can join the work force in a significant way, he argues, is for the economy to grow vigorously.

The N.A.C.P.'s Ben Hooks also speaks out against "the more radical fringes" of the environmental and regulatory lobbies. "We are not antienvironmental," he stresses, "but we are saying that there ought to be social-economic impact statements for environmental regulations." Hooks condemns many niggling health, safety and zoning regulations that he says are "really killing our neighborhoods." The costly rules can prevent modestly financed blacks from starting Mom and Pop businesses or from buying ghetto enterprises from previous owners who were protected by grandfather clauses and did not have to meet the costly new regulations.

Hooks once bought a doughnut shop in Memphis from a man who had owned it for 25 years. "In those 25 years, they had passed all kinds of laws," he recalls. "You had to have separate rest rooms for men and women, you had to have ratproof walls and everything on God's earth. We were hit with all those regulations, and they cost us \$30,000. We had to close the shop."

"It's obvious now," Hooks goes on, "that nobody, but nobody, is buying into a decaying black ghetto except blacks themselves. So the effect of some regulations is almost 100% to exclude blacks. This causes a lot of resentment." If a black veteran invests his nest egg in a doughnut shop and then is forced to close it, warns Hooks, he is absolutely convinced that "they"—the white-controlled Government—do not want him to succeed.

Hooks and a rising chorus of blacks argue that poor and unemployed minorities can succeed in the long run only if more private—not Government—jobs are opened in a free, growing economy. To that end, says Hooks, "at the national level, and in every local Chamber of Commerce and Better Business Bureau, black leaders and business leaders should be sitting down to deal on the points on which we agree."



Rustin

Hooks



Sowell

Medicine

From Boardroom to Locker Room

Corporate fitness programs have employees in a sweat

What do Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller, McGraw-Hill Vice President Wesley Fraser and boardrooms full of other executives, male and female, have in common? Several times a week they pull on sneakers and sweatshirts to spend an hour or so in the company gym, puffing on a jogging track or pumping away on a stationary bicycle. Employer-sponsored exercise is fast becoming an integral part of the workaday

weight-lifting gadgets. Xerox Corp. runs seven exercise centers; the most lavish overlooks the Potomac River at the company's International Center for Training and Management in Leesburg, Va. The \$3.5 million facility includes a putting green, a soccer field, a swimming pool, two gyms, four tennis courts, two racketball courts, a weight-lifting room and 2,300 wooded acres where joggers can gambol, often in the company of deer.

When building their own facilities proves impractical, many firms pay workers part or all of the cost of enrolling in independent health clinics. Among them are Los Angeles' Atlantic Richfield Plaza Fitness Center, with twelve corporate clients, and Manhattan's Cardio-Fitness Center, which has Celanese Corp., Dun & Bradstreet Co., Time Inc. and the National Hockey League among its 35 company supporters. The centers offer the latest in rowing, cycling, jogging and weight-lifting gadgets. They provide members with freshly laundered exercise clothing, private lockers and hairdryers.

Cardio-Fitness even has "panic buttons" on the walls, so a guest can summon help in case of emergency. (The buttons have not been used in the year and a half the center has been open.) Cardio-Fitness's 1,150 members, some of whom arrive with bodyguards in chauffeured limousines, pay \$525 a year, usually picked up by an employer.

The activities at such centers are aimed more at strengthening the cardiovascular system than building muscles. After having their medical history reviewed, taking a series of tests (including a treadmill "stress test"), and having body fat measured, participants are given a set of individual goals. Clients are carefully monitored as they go through their paces.

Promoting worker perspiration, firms have found, is as much a matter of self-interest as of paternalism. American business loses an estimated \$3 billion every year because of employee health problems. Companies find that fitness programs more than pay for themselves in reduced absenteeism, disability and lateness, and in greater productivity. Besides, medical evidence linking regular exercise and a healthy heart is growing. Last year, for instance, Stanford University's Dr. Ralph Paffenbarger Jr. found that of 17,000 Harvard graduates he observed over 15 years, those who swam, ran and otherwise regularly engaged in vigorous exercise, suffered fewer heart attacks than those who did not.

Exercise programs also give employ-

ees a chance to work off job and family frustrations. Chicago's Excello Press began a fitness plan a year ago after an irate pressman hurled his lunch pail into a press, causing \$30,000 in damage. Now, says Excello President Gary Feldmar, "workers have a much more relaxed attitude. They can slam a racketball against the wall and pretend they're hitting their wife's head, or mine, and release tensions in a healthy way."

Of course, not every employee is thrilled at spending the lunch hour sweating and straining, even at company expense. Only a fraction of eligible employees take advantage of the programs. Xerox's Leesburg facility is used by bare-



David Rockefeller on the treadmill

Where the deer and the joggers roam.

world, as businesses recognize that their financial health can depend on the physical health of key employees as well as on the condition of plant and equipment.

More than 400 major corporations, and uncounted small ones, offer employees an exercise plan. Most schemes are designed to keep top-level executives in working order, but many firms have begun exhorting even rank-and-file employees to get out there and sweat.

Company fitness programs range from simply subsidizing employee membership in the local Y.M.C.A. to constructing elaborate exercise centers. The Mitre Corp., nonprofit engineering firm, sank \$10,000 into equipping the basement of its Bedford, Mass., headquarters with showers, lockers, rowing machines and



Wesley Fraser with dumbbells

Panic buttons dot the walls.

ly a third of the 180,000 people who yearly train at the center. New York's Cardio-Fitness reports a 15% dropout rate. Says one former client: "I find it mind-bendingly boring. I hate taking another shower and then putting on sweaty underwear. I hate spending an hour of my time jumping around over there."

For most participants, however, a corporate fitness program is the hottest perk since the executive washroom. "I feel better and it helps my whole attitude," says Mort Roman, a manager for Atlantic Richfield in Los Angeles. Vance Foreman, chief engineer at Xerox, credits his firm's plan with cutting his hypertension medication from three pills a day to one. Says he: "Before I'd change jobs, I'd ask an employer if he has a gym." ■

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Medicine

More Smoke

New Surgeon General's report

The 1964 Surgeon General's report, *Smoking and Health*, was a 387-page bombshell that linked cigarette smoking to lung cancer, heart disease and other ailments. It also prompted many smokers to quit, led to the posting of health warnings on cigarette packs, and inspired Congress to ban cigarette ads from the air waves. Last week, on the 15th anniversary of the document's release, Surgeon General Julius B. Richmond issued a new report on smoking. As Richmond's boss, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph A. Califano Jr., writes in a foreword, the second study provides "overwhelming" proof that cigarette smoking is even more dangerous—indeed, far more dangerous—than was supposed in 1964.

Unlike its predecessor, the new report contains no previously unpublished data. Instead, its 1,200 pages summarize some 30,000 research papers issued over the past 15 years. Among the major findings:

- Lung cancer deaths among women have increased fivefold (4,100 in 1955 vs. 20,455 in 1976), indicating, says the report, that "women who smoke like men die like men who smoke."
- Women who smoke during pregnancy are more likely to give birth to children with physical or mental defects than are nonsmokers.
- The percentage of girls age twelve to 14 who smoke has increased eightfold (from .6% to 4.9% since 1968).
- For smokers who work in the asbestos, rubber, coal, textile, uranium and chemical industries, the risk of developing lung cancer is 90 times as great as the risk for nonsmokers in other fields.
- Smoking increases the risk of peptic ulcers and cancer of the larynx, mouth, bladder and pancreas.
- For reasons unknown, blacks smoke more than whites and blue-collar workers more than white-collar workers.

Even before the report was released, the industry-funded Tobacco Institute denounced it as "more rehash than research" and asserted that the links between smoking and disease have not been proved conclusively. Institute Vice President Bill Dwyer accused Califano, who kicked his three-pack-a-day habit in 1975, of displaying "all the zeal of a reformed sinner." Added Dwyer: "America beware if Joe Califano ever gives up drinking or other pleasure pursuits, even the most intimate."

At a Washington press conference, Califano noted that consumption of cigarettes dropped by three-tenths of 1% last year, which translates into 2 billion cigarettes. Though the percentage of Americans who smoke has been declining, 53.2 million still have the cigarette habit—about the same as in 1964.

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Press

Beating a Path to Peking

Everybody wants a bureau in the Middle Kingdom

Among his other talents, China's Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping is demonstrating an adeptness in the care and feeding of American newsmen. As part of its celebration of the New Year's Day normalization of relations with Washington, the Peking regime invited 27 U.S. reporters to the Middle Kingdom for a two-week tour. A high point was meeting with Teng in the Great Hall of the People, the first such session for American newsmen with a leader of the People's Republic. Teng fielded questions with ease and even

national will be the first to move in, probably by March 1; the major newspapers, the newsmagazines and the three networks will follow.

Leonard Woodcock, chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking, warns that the establishment of a U.S. press corps is "going to be a long, difficult process." Apartments and office space are virtually unavailable in Peking, and most of the news organizations will end up scrambling for long-term leases on some of the city's 5,000 suitable hotel rooms. If necessary,



Teng toasting with A.P. Correspondent John Roderick at U.S. liaison office reception

A precedent-setting press conference, a "huge Chinese banquet" of things to report.

showed a touch for one-liners. When a newsman complimented him on his crisp replies, Teng cracked, "Since I have no parliamentary experience, I don't know how to make long speeches."

Taking advantage of a rare freedom to pursue stories on their own, TV crews trudged across fields to film peasants at work, invaded a long-closed public park to get shots of young people courting, and barged into a beauty parlor to record post-Mao women getting their hair done; an ABC crew solemnly documented the progress of a plump Peking duck from barnyard to dinner plate. For the newsmen, reported TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, who joined the tour, the trip was "like sitting down to a huge Chinese banquet. News was everywhere."

Their reports made editors back home even more eager for a permanent place at the banquet table. More than 25 American outfits have applied to set up shop in Peking, and about 15 are likely to be approved, about doubling the number of non-Communist news groups there. The Associated Press and United Press Inter-

quips CBS News President Richard S. Salant, "we'll put our correspondents up in a tent." The cost of maintaining a Peking bureau can be high (upwards of \$100,000 a year for print journalists, even more for the larger TV crews), partly because so much equipment must be imported; old Peking hands say that newcomers should plan to bring not only their own cars but also a year's supply of parts and motor oil. Nonetheless, a bureau in China is less expensive than in places such as Tokyo, Paris and London.

Most of the U.S. bureaus will be one-man operations, staffed in many cases by correspondents like UPI's Robert Crabb and A.P.'s John Roderick, who were part of the knothole gang of journalists in Hong Kong and Tokyo. How much better newsmen will be able to report developments in China from Peking remains to be seen. Though the Chinese have lowered many journalistic barriers over the past year, reporters in the capital are generally kept under tight rein by the Foreign Ministry's Information Department, which must clear all travel outside

the city as well as interviews with important officials. Indeed, the visiting U.S. reporters were startled last week when ministry staffers, who rarely went out of their way to be accessible in the past, knocked on hotel doors at midnight to distribute press releases to the Americans.

That is not the only Western journalistic custom the Chinese seem to be adopting. When Teng arrives in Washington on Jan. 29 for his week-long U.S. visit, he will have no fewer than 30 Chinese reporters in his entourage. That could be a measure of China's eagerness to publicize its Great Leap Outward. Then again, it may be just partial retaliation for Richard Nixon's pilgrimage to Peking in 1972; he arrived with 87 journalists in tow. ■

Post Haste

A new Graham moves up

When Washington Post Chairman Eugene Meyer bought out the rival *Times-Herald* 25 years ago, he had more in mind than a quick circulation gain. "The real significance of this event," said Meyer, "is that it makes the paper safe for Donnie." Last week his grandson, Donald E. (for Edward) Graham, 33, did indeed take over as publisher of the now thriving (daily circulation: 562,000) paper.

The timing was a surprise, but the move itself was not unexpected. "It is because Don is ready and I am ready," says Graham to the staff. "Actually, I suspect Don was ready before I was ready." Mrs. Graham, 61, who had run the paper since her husband Philip's suicide in 1963, remains chairman, chief executive and majority stockholder of the Post Co., which also owns *Newsweek*, papers in Trenton, N.J., and Everett, Wash., and four TV stations.

Don Graham showed an eye for opportunity and a taste for big-city journalism at the Harvard *Crimson* in 1966; when the Boston dailies were struck that year, Graham and his colleagues rushed out the *Boston Crimson*, a four-page paper that focused on local news and had a circulation of 30,000. After graduation and a tour as a specialist 5 Army information officer in the Viet Nam bush, Graham decided to learn about Washington by spending 18 months as a beat cop in a tough southeast neighborhood. At the *Post*, he has worked as reporter, salesman, night production manager and sports editor; he also served as a correspondent for *Newsweek* in New York City and Los Angeles. He became the *Post's* assistant general manager in 1975, and a year later was named general manager and executive vice president, assuming responsibilities for business operations of the paper.

While in the Army, Graham married his college sweetheart, Mary L. Wissler, now a lawyer; they and their two chil-

Press



The publisher and his predecessor

"Because Don is ready and I am ready."

dren live in Washington's Cleveland Park section. Those who know him almost invariably describe Graham as decent, pleasant and entirely unassuming. "He's just as good to the people who clean the bathrooms as he is to [Columnist] David Broder," says *Post* Police Reporter Alfred Lewis. One doubt that colleagues whimsically cite about young Graham's business acumen: he has been known to loan reporters money. His deeper footprints around the paper are harder to find. He was a competent if unspectacular sports editor; as general manager he pressed for minority hiring. He says he is comfortable with the *Post's* liberal editorial policy and "delighted" with Executive Editor Benjamin C. Bradlee, 57.

Don is the only one of four Graham children who has been involved with the newspaper. (Lally Graham Weymouth, 35, is a freelance writer and socialite in New York City; William Welch Graham, 30, is an adjunct professor of law at U.C.L.A.; Stephen Meyer Graham, 26, is an aspiring actor in New York City.) Says Mrs. Graham: "I'm not going away. I'll still see the editors occasionally, but Don will be in full charge of the paper. He'll report to corporate like the other managers, but there's a lot of autonomy in the job." As a *Post* editor points out, however, Mrs. Graham is "not a shrinking violet." She also controls 50.1% of the voting stock, now worth \$20 million, vs. Donald's 13% (the other Graham children have 15% among them). Some measure of how much real authority the *Post's* new \$90,000-a-year publisher will have should come as the paper sets out on a \$50 million improvement program to meet the challenge of the reinvigorated *Washington Star*. He will also soon face another telling trial: the *Post's* unions are scheduled to negotiate new contracts this year, for the first time since Mrs. Graham won her reputation for toughness by taking, and breaking, a pressmen's strike in 1975. ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Polemics with a Satisfying Zap

Syndicated columnists have become the designated hitters on newspapers. With chains now controlling 71% of daily circulation, the absentee owners prefer bland, trouble-free editorial pages. Only outside columnists are allowed to be noisy, querulous and opinionated. Even here, chain management usually dilutes the effect with a "spectrum" of opinion, in a look-no-hands neutrality between conservative, liberal and middle-of-the-road. Those among the columnists who are also in television develop a manner to go with the act—William F. Buckley Jr., arch and fastidious; James J. Kilpatrick, full of pretend bluster. When Kilpatrick takes the conservative side against Shana Alexander on CBS's *60 Minutes*, their genial volleys are reminiscent of Robert Frost's definition of verse—like playing tennis with the net down. Such show-biz parades suggest a network's fear of the bite of real contention.

One of the few columnists who seems to be managing to escape the fixed-ideology trap is William Safire, even though he began with a political label glued to his back. Safire is the *New York Times* columnist (now syndicated to 500 papers) who was hired to offset the *Times'* liberal tilt in pundits. At the *Times*, his appointment was unpopular. Wasn't he the flack who in Moscow maneuvered the Nixon-Khrushchev "kitchen debate" so that it took place in the model kitchen he was plugging? Wasn't he the nasty White House speechwriter who coined "nattering nabobs of negativism" for Spiro Agnew's attack on the press? His first columns insisted endlessly that Democrats were just as venal and hypocritical as his crowd. Remember his Nixonian attack in doggerel on John Dean, with the refrain, "He's a better man than you are, Gunga Dean"? His pieces were lively, if spiteful. They were sometimes relieved by his love of puns, which he has since learned to check. He continues with zest and doggedness but not always with fairness or pinpoint accuracy to go after Democratic wrongdoing. Bert Lance knows his sting, and so does House Speaker Tip O'Neill. Safire's coverage of Lance won him a Pulitzer.

Safire has learned to combine reporting with denouncing, and rarely writes thumb-suckers, which is what columnists call reflective pieces. A classic example appears in the Jan. 13 *New Republic*, written by Henry Fairlie, a transplanted Englishman who often combines good sense and fatuity. On the dubious premise that trends can be divided patly into decades, Fairlie proclaims that this is a Decade of No Survivors, meaning that no institution came out of the '60s intact. After gloomily surveying the current cultural barrenness, he speaks of the Decade with No Audience and concludes even more gloomily with the Decade of No Nation. For this contribution, Fairlie deserves the Deep Thump award—of the decade, or at least of the year.

Safire is too light-footed to write like that. On his fifth anniversary as a columnist last April, he wrote that he avoids "evenhanded analyses, sage soul searching or detached observations. I am in the business of writing informed polemics... with a satisfying zap, so as to affect people in power and their policy in formation. In 1973 I was hopelessly defensive; now I am happily aggressive."

He can still zap, as when he refers to Press Secretary Jody Powell's replying "with the same trustworthiness he displayed as an Air Force Academy cadet," counting on the reader to supply the memory. Safire says he does this only when a fellow fails to return his calls or makes "a deliberate effort to deceive." Safire's politics haven't changed: he says that when he and his liberal colleague on the *Times* Op-Ed page, Anthony Lewis, agree on anything, they both reconsider to see where they went wrong. The libertarian Lewis and the unforgiving Safire do have as common enemies Henry Kissinger, who in the Nixon days wanted Safire's phone tapped, and General Alexander Haig, who, Safire says, got it done.

As a kind of turbulent watchdog on the right, Safire has the freshest voice coming out of Washington. (The best? There is no current best in Washington columnizing.) The grudging praise he once got from his colleagues has generally turned to ungrudging praise. Reviewing his fine new *Safire's Political Dictionary*, bipartisan in its pursuit of cant and memorable phrases, Robert Sherrill, White House correspondent of the leftward *Nation*, referred to Safire as "perhaps the best political columnist at work today." Safire's own sideline fascination with words—plain, sharp, evasive or handy—has led him to take on a new column on words, soon to start in the Sunday *New York Times*. The extra load shouldn't bother him: his productivity already exceeds presidential guidelines.



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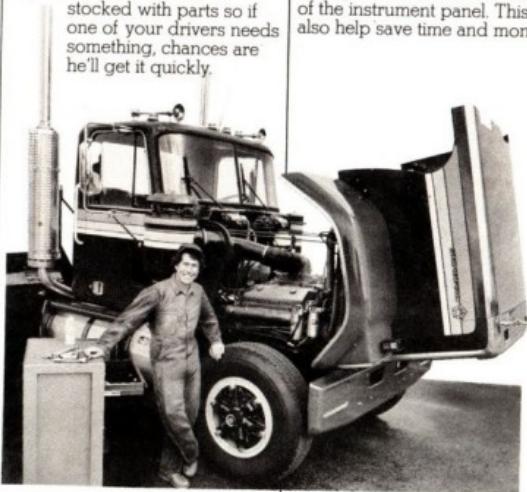
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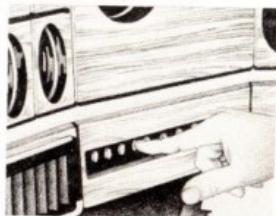
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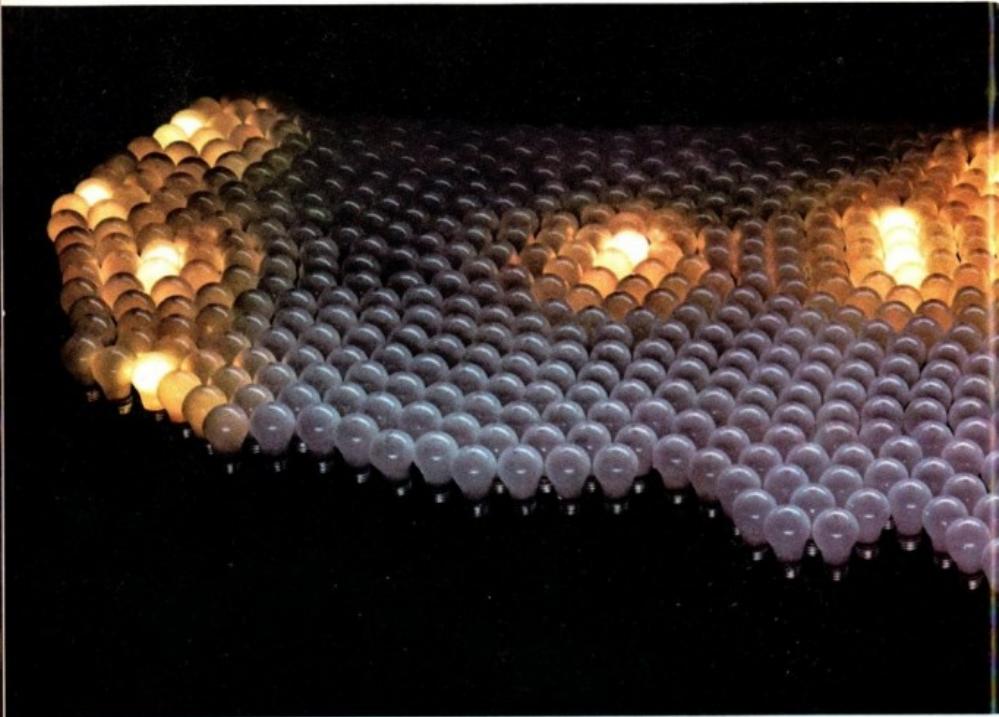
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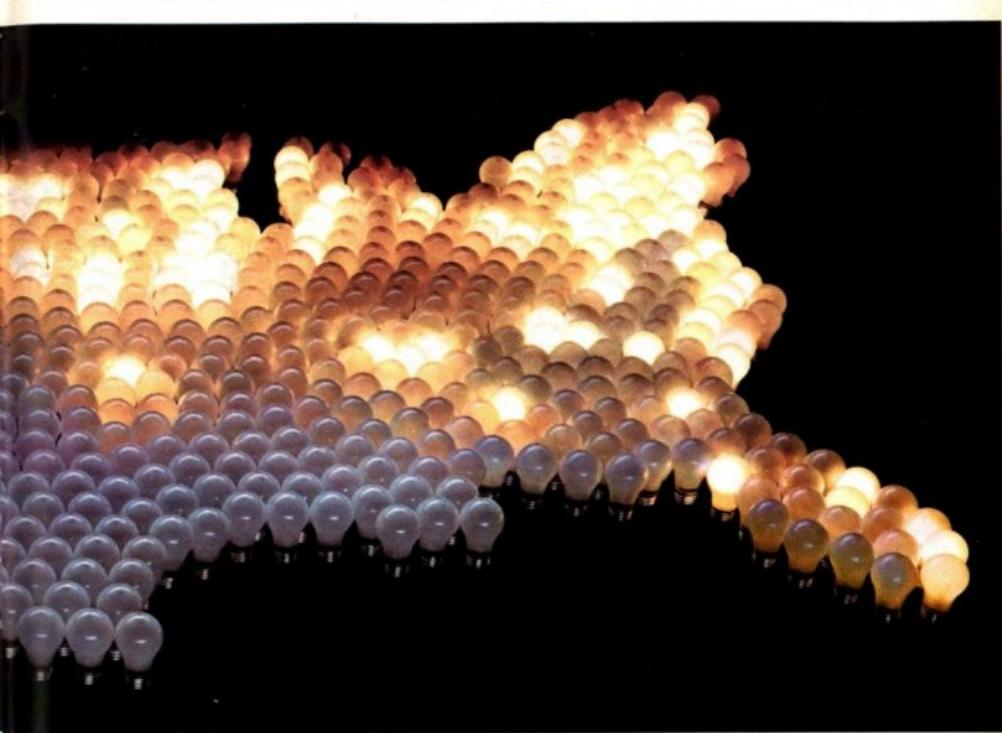
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Behavior

Two Years Among the "Crazies"

An anthropologist joins a group of mental outpatients

For Sue Estroff, 28, it was the most troubling time of her life. Along with her "fellow" patients, she attended psychiatric clinics, took a powerful antipsychotic drug, joined in group therapy and even found herself distrusting the doctor. Indeed, at times she experienced all the misery of madness, including moments of almost suicidal depression. Yet Estroff is not at all insane. Rather, she has just spent two remarkable years studying certifiable "crazies" (their own term) by living among them.

Many behavioral scientists have ex-

amined questions became moral quagmires. Should she tell patients that she had gone to a staff party? (She didn't.) Should she let the doctors know when she had information they did not have? (Only when she suspected one patient was planning to kill himself.) Still worse, she found herself confronted by a crazy-house con game that she dubs "reciprocal exploitation." Anybody who had money or goods was expected to share them. Could she then refuse demands for cigarettes, money or meals? Ultimately, she lent occasional cigarettes and took patients to restaurants on the grounds that meals provided interview time.

Both from talking with her new companions and from sharing their experiences, she came to understand the network of catch-22 dilemmas that constantly plagued them. Cast out of a womblike hospital world, they were led into work programs intended to help them re-enter society. But the jobs were so lowly (example: slipping rings onto drapery rods at \$0.50 an hour) that they only underlined the crazies' alien status in the community. Many simply preferred to collect the special federal stipends available to them when they filled out forms that officially recognized their mental impairments—and further ostracized them. Says Estroff: "The system encourages people to get well, while at the same time showing them that the one way they can exist is to sell their craziness."

Estroff saw similar contradictions in the use of such medications as lithium carbonate and Prolixin Decanoate. These "meds" soothe psychotic symptoms, but bring on strong side effects that work as badges of distinction between the patients and outsiders: a freezing of facial expressions, hand tremors, and jiggling of the legs when seated (known by the patients as "the Prolixin stomp"). Most patients knew they were taking "meds" because they were different from "normies"; yet when they tried to be normal by refusing medication, their behavior often became more bizarre. Estroff herself tried Prolixin to experience its effects, but quit abruptly after six weeks of tremors, only to plummet into near-suicidal despair. Said she: "It was the closest I ever got to being crazy, and the closest I want to get."

Now back in the outside world feeling sane but "sadder" and "quieter," Estroff has vowed to keep studying the plight of deinstitutionalized mental patients, as well as that of the struggling psychiatric workers. But only under one condition. Says she: "I will not do this type of field-work alone again." ■



Psychiatric Anthropologist Sue Estroff

Despair, con games and the Prolixin stomp

plored the world of the mentally ill beyond hospital walls. But Estroff, a postdoctoral fellow in psychiatric anthropology at the University of Wisconsin, probed a different world. She is the first live-in scientific observer to spend an extended period with a growing new cadre of mental patients: those who have been, in psychiatric jargon, "deinstitutionalized." Now totaling as many as 500,000 across the U.S., these are mental patients who are regarded as sufficiently good risks to be allowed to dwell in the community at large, yet remain under professional care as psychiatric outpatients.

For her study, Estroff joined 43 deinstitutionalized patients under a Madison, Wis., team led by Psychiatrist Leonard Stein and Psychologist Mary Ann Test at the Mendota Mental Health Institute. The ground rules she established put her in what she called a "triangular" position with both sides. But in fact she was closer to the patients, pledging to guard their confidences while sitting in on staff sessions. Almost immediately, even triv-

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Religion

Potter Power

Down with the old



JOHN MEYENDORFF

World Council General Secretary Potter

The World Council of Churches has become an ecclesiastical United Nations, a place for power plays. So lamented a leading U.S. orthodox theologian, John Meyendorff, last week during a meeting of the council's 140-member central committee in Jamaica. What worried Meyendorff and some others was that the council's approach to Christian unity has become too political. The central committee reaffirmed the council's Program to Combat Racism, despite church protests over its \$85,000 grant to Rhodesia's Patriotic Front for "humanitarian programs." The front's guerrillas have been held responsible for killing a number of Christian missionaries, as well as black Rhodesian noncombatants.

The vote was an endorsement of the policies of the Rev. Philip A. Potter, 57, a West Indian Methodist who has been General Secretary of the council since 1972 and is an outspoken advocate of church action against "political and economic oppression." The Patriotic Front grant especially disturbed the huge Evangelical Church in Germany (E.K.D.). The West Germans carry special clout in the financially strapped W.C.C., since they provide up to 40% of the council's income. An E.K.D. spokesman warned in October that the violence issue was "liable to blow the whole ecumenical movement apart."

The Germans favored splitting off the administrative costs of the antiracism grants from the regular W.C.C. budget so that individual denominations could disassociate themselves from the program. Others wanted to end the grants. After lively debate, the central committee voted in favor of Potter's proposal for a long-term "consultation" over the antiracism

program. Apparently left in force is a 1971 central-committee dictum that the W.C.C. does not "pass judgment on those victims of racism who are driven to violence as the only way left to them to redress grievances." Potter declared that most of the dissenters had come from "certain Western countries which are most heavily involved in maintaining the racist systems in southern Africa."

Another signal of the W.C.C.'s change of direction, and the one that triggered Meyendorff's dismay, was the ouster of Swiss Reformed Theologian Lukas Vischer as head of the council's Commission on Faith and Order, which seeks ecumenical unity through theological discussion. Although Vischer personally supported the antiracism grants, he was a symbol to increasingly influential Third World activists within the W.C.C., of an old-fashioned theological approach to ecumenism. The commission, which is the only major W.C.C. agency with official Roman Catholic members, strongly urged that Vischer be reappointed to a job he has held since 1966. The Potter camp invoked a rule limiting tenure of top officials to nine years; the decision not to extend Vischer's contract was narrowly upheld by the central committee.

The central committee appears confident that no important churches will quit the W.C.C. in protest over its politicized approach. The greater danger is not a walkout but a gradual erosion of interest by disaffected members in the West. ■

Propheteering?

More Armstrong trouble

By any standard, some of the expenses run up by top brass at the 75,000-member Worldwide Church of God were boggling: \$22,571 for a stay at the Hotel Plaza Athenee in Paris; \$12,402 for six pieces of Steuben glass; \$7,509 for furnishings at Church Treasurer and General Counsel Stanley R. Rader's pad in Tucson. In just one year, the lagniappe of church VIPs totaled more than \$1 million.

Worldwide Church expense accounts have been just one element of the latest chapter in the continuing struggle over control of the 45-year-old institution. Acting on behalf of dissident members and California's attorney general, the state's superior court appointed a receiver to take temporary control of the church's multimillion-dollar assets. The dissidents accuse Rader, 48, and the church's head and self-styled prophet, Herbert W. Armstrong, 86, of not only lavish spending but "liquidating the properties of the church on a massive scale." The plaintiffs charge that in the past six months alone 50 pieces of church property, worth millions, have been sold. The attorney general's move

touched off pandemonium; at one point, staffers at Pasadena headquarters tried to lock out state agents arriving to seize control, then were caught trying to spirit out church records.

Last June, Herbert Armstrong excommunicated his mellifluous TV preacher son Garner Ted, 48, who now operates a 3,000-member offshoot, the Church of God, International, from Tyler, Texas. Since the family fallout, the Worldwide Church has been run by Rader, a lawyer who was baptized by Herbert in 1975. The suit claims that Rader, whose 40-year-old secretary wed Herbert Armstrong in April 1977, may have reaped the profit from the \$1.8 million sale of his Beverly Hills estate, which allegedly was maintained at church expense. The suit also raises questions about Rader's financial involvement in an ad agency, a travel agency and a book-publishing firm that sell services to the church. At a receivership hearing in Los Angeles last week, Rader won the right to look at his records—but only with the permission of a court-appointed official. Says Deputy State Attorney General Lawrence Tapper: "We've termed it letting the wolf inside the chicken coop." But the court rejected Rader's claim: it is unconstitutional for the state to interfere in church business.

Rader maintains that he has "a contract [with the church] that protects me no matter who is in power." But who now will protect the church? The founding prophet is aged and frail. Enrollment at its Ambassador College, once 1,120, is collapsing. And a church lawyer claims that tithing has dropped off so sharply among the church's puzzled members that its debts are mounting at a rate of \$1 million a week. ■



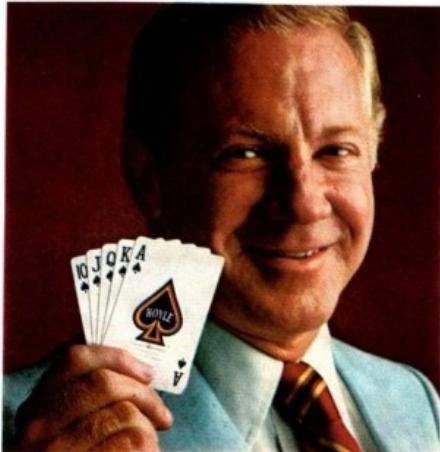
Worldwide Church Treasurer Rader
Pandemonium in Pasadena

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Four-story-high excavator called a *Bagger* in the Fortuna-Garsdorf pit of West Germany's Brown Coal Triangle

ROBERT GOODMAN

Environment

Playing That Ace in the Hole

West Germany uproots thousands to exploit its coal reserves

Some 20,000 people have been resettled, at an average yearly cost of \$20 million. And still the job is only partly done. In the coming decades, 10,000 more people will be resettled and other new communities will rise. The object of this undertaking: to tap West Germany's great lignite, or brown coal, reserves, the largest in Europe, without causing irreparable destruction to the landscape.

The center of this great dig out, which has attracted the interest of both industrialists and environmentalists around the world, is a 1,000-sq.-mi. area bounded by the industrial cities of Düsseldorf, Aachen and Cologne. Known as the Brown Coal Triangle, it contains an estimated 50 billion tons of lignite, enough to meet West Germany's energy needs for 50 years. Unfortunately for the villagers who sit atop this fossil fuel bonanza, much of it lies just below the surface; it can only be recovered by open-pit or strip mining, which requires relocating the people and demolishing their houses before any coal is removed.

Uprooting so many people and stripping away their land would be far more difficult in the U.S., where companies have traditionally been able to take over private land only when they are building railroads, natural gas pipelines, power lines and other essential facilities. But under West Germany's 1950 Brown Coal Act,

the only coal company in the Triangle, Rheinische Braunkohlenwerke (commonly called Rheinbraun), can evict homeowners as part of a national policy designed to meet energy needs.

There is a hitch, however. Under tough companion legislation passed in 1950 by the state government of Nordrhein-Westfalen, Rheinbraun is required to reimburse the displaced residents for the property they have lost and to restore the exploited lands to a reasonable approximation of their original state. In the Triangle, this has meant shifting thousands of acres of fertile soil, constructing networks of drainage pipes to pump out millions of gallons of water from the damp

lignite, replanting and landscaping great tracts and helping resettle the people.

Rheinbraun has apparently been more than equal to the task. As of the end of 1977, it had mined 67 sq. mi., resurfaced two-thirds of this terrain, created 45 lakes and ponds from the excess water, planted 13,500 acres of new forests, reclaimed some 12,000 acres for farming and resettled 20,000 people. The company has also been profitably exporting its know-how to other countries, including the U.S.

Until a few years ago, West German planners considered coal only a secondary fuel resource. Then came the Arab oil embargo in 1973 and, more recently, a growing concern about the safety of nuclear power. As a result, West Germany, like the U.S., has turned increasingly to coal as its ace in the hole. The nation now relies on brown coal for 30% of its electrical power and 25% of its home heating needs. Rheinbraun alone has already dug seven

open-pit mines, including the world's largest: the Fortuna-Garsdorf pit, which measures roughly 1.2 miles across and about 820 ft. deep. In October it began preliminary excavation at the giant 32-sq.-mi. Hambach site, parts of which will be gouged more than a quarter of a mile into the earth.

As usual, Rheinbraun's resettlement teams have been at work well in advance of the company's Krupp-built *Bagger*, monstrous earth removers that are two football fields long, four stories high, and can chew up 200,000 tons of earth in a day. The Hambach pit (named after a nearby village) will mean the loss of four communities with a total population of about 10,000. A number of villagers are vocal about the



New village rises (foreground), while strip mining goes on near old town. An uncomfortable seat atop a fossil-fuel bonanza.

loss of their homes and what they consider inadequate compensation offers by Rheinbraun. Says Gerhard Heyden, a schoolteacher in the doomed town of Lichtenstrass: "It's particularly hard for old people. I know a woman who was offered 47,000 marks for her house, and she can't find another one for less than 100,000 marks."

Company spokesmen acknowledge the complaints. But they point to the broad streets, well-tended lawns and gardens and bright modern houses in the new settlements, and note that the complaints usually dwindle when people move into their new homes. Says Willi Kaiser, the burgomaster of Bedburg, which includes the village of Kaster: "In the end people are usually satisfied."

Kaiser has more reason than most to be satisfied. Though Kaster is perched atop millions of tons of brown gold, the town won landmark status in the mid-1950s because most of its structures date from the 16th century. Under West German practice, that means Kaster probably need never fear the onslaught of Rheinbraun's omnivorous *Bagger*. ■

Science

Postcards from Another World

Scientists mull over a colorful scrapbook from Mars

On June 19, 1976, an alien vessel, hurtling toward Mars, blasted its remaining rocket engine and moved into an elliptical orbit. It was the first of twin Viking spacecraft, each with an orbiter and a lander, launched by NASA to help satisfy man's curiosity about the possibilities of life on the planet. The Viking I orbiter's immediate chore was to survey the Martian surface and transmit pictures of potential landing sites. Once the lander was safely down (on July 20, 1976), the orbiter began snap-

on a Martian morning in midsummer. The clouds rimming the volcano are seasonal, limited to spring and summer; scientists postulate that they may be formed when ice condenses from the atmosphere as it cools while moving up the crater's flanks. Hovering beyond, at the upper left corner of the photograph, is a "cloud train," a common formation on the downwind side of mountains.

The Olympus Mons picture is actually not a single photo but a mosaic of small ones. Mechanical shutters on the



From 5,000 miles away, Viking I photographs the Martian volcano Olympus Mons

A cloudy, summer morning, and the enduring mystery of earth's planetary neighbor.

ping away at its aerial photographic study.

More than two years later, space scientists are still analyzing the Viking data and pictures. There is no consensus yet on the possible presence of life. But the pictures themselves are masterworks of unearthly beauty. This week many will be unveiled for the first time, and the data thoroughly discussed, at the Second International Colloquium on Mars at the California Institute of Technology.

The picture above shows the planet's great northern volcano, Olympus Mons, the largest known to man. Its multiringed crater measures some 50 miles across and towers 15 miles above a base that stretches for some 375 miles, roughly the distance between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The volcano was observed from a height of 5,000 miles

Viking cameras snap a stream of images that are broken into their constituent colors by a series of filters. Eventually an electronic beam scans the resulting image, translates it into tiny electrical impulses (8.7 million per photo) and sends them to earth.

For now, scientists will have to be satisfied with pictures of the mysterious Red Planet, rather than an eyewitness view; NASA's dream of sending man to Mars has been dashed by earthly budget cuts. At the 145th national meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last week in Houston, Edward C. Ezell, a space historian, argued that the manned-flight blueprints at least be kept for future generations. Some day, he said sadly, "the dreamer quality of science" will be restored. ■

Atomic Victims?

Fallout from an old report

Kenneth Lamoreaux grew up on his family's farm in the southwestern Utah town of Paragonah. One day in 1960, at age 15, he was diagnosed as having acute lymphatic leukemia. Ten days later he was dead. A cousin died of leukemia in 1963, another has suffered from thyroid cancer. One common denominator: proximity to more than 80 above-ground atomic-bomb tests held at the nearby Nevada proving grounds from 1951 to 1962.

The Government has long denied the claims of area families that fallout from the testing posed a health hazard. Last week the residents' case was bolstered by a previously unpublished piece of evidence: a 1965 U.S. Public Health Service report on two southwestern Utah counties indicating that from 1950 to 1964 there were nine more deaths from leukemia than expected in a population of 20,000 (28 vs. 19). The study, uncovered by the Washington Post under the Freedom of Information Act, had long been ignored by the U.S.P.H.S. because, as its author admitted, the pattern of deaths was inconclusive. Another survey of the fallout area showed a growing number of thyroid cancer deaths between 1965 and 1967. It too was inconclusive; but both studies should have encouraged further monitoring of the residents.

In Washington, a shocked HEW Secretary Joseph Califano has called for a search of old health files for the region. Back in Utah, a newly formed "committee of survivors" is on the lookout for more possible victims. Before their grim search is over, the "survivors" expect to find a dramatically higher toll. ■

People



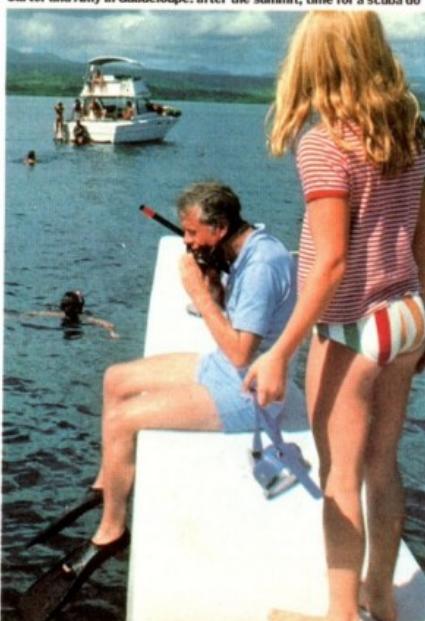
Burnett and Parton in Nashville: Tweedledum and Tweedledee?

The ordinary "white bread woman," as Comedian **Carol Burnett** describes herself, chomped happily on cornbread—not to mention black-eyed peas. Carol was down in Tennessee taping a CBS Valentine Day special, *Dolly and Carol in Nashville*, with sweet-singing, statuesque **Dolly Parton**. As Grand Ole Opry fiddlers sawed away, the odd couple careened bravely through the lyrics of *No One Can Pick Like a Nashville Picker* and *Picks and No One Can Kick Like a Nashville Kicker Kicks*. "I'm going crackers with that picks and kicks thing," grumbled Burnett. Nevertheless, she thinks she and the queen of country music make a perfect pair. Deadpans Burnett: "I trim my eyelashes and bind myself every morning so that people can tell us apart."

Boston Outfielder **Jim Rice** wanted to think it over, but his wife **Corine** kept telling him "Sign now!" Which is how Rice, 25, became the highest-paid player in Red Sox history. Under the terms of a new contract announced last week, he will get more than \$5 million over the next seven years, making him second in earnings in major league history only to Third Baseman **Pete Rose**, who just signed a four-year, \$3.5 million deal with the Philadelphia Phillies. "I probably could have got more," said the American League's MVP for 1978, "but I think it's a disadvantage being the highest-paid player because everybody is on you all the time."

After the other big guns headed back to Germany, England and France, respectively, from the Guadalupe summit, the **Carters** lingered on for a brief loll in the sun. The President and his wife jogged and fished for barracuda (**Rosalynn** caught a bigger one than **Jimmy**). But the recreational high point came when the Carters and Daughter **Amy** decided to try scuba diving. "Does the President know how to scuba?"

Carter and Amy in Guadalupe: after the summit, time for a scuba do



Carolyn Wyeth in Chadds Ford: Art for art's sake?

asked a worried reporter. "God, I hope so," answered Press Secretary **Jody Powell**. In fact, Jimmy managed to stay under for a respectable 35 minutes. "Did you bring back anything?" he was asked. "Sunburn," said the President succinctly. As for why Carter took the plunge, one wag suggested that the idea for the President's scuba-diving expedition had come from Vice President **Walter Mondale**.

"My sister **Carolyn**," Painter **Andrew Wyeth** once said, is a "person of many sides: bitterness, love—awfully difficult, but quite a person." Quite a private one, too. Carolyn has painted all her life. Unlike celebrated Brother Andrew or her father, Illustrator **N.C. Wyeth**, or Nephew **Jamie**, a high-priced painter at 32, Carolyn has rarely shown her works. "I hate fame," she says. "I hate money." But at age 69, she seems to be courting both. A retrospective of her paintings (priced between \$6,500 and \$12,000) is now on display at the Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pa. The new visibility, however, does not mean that Carolyn plans to break her policy and see the exhibits of other artists. "They bore me," she says.

After three terms as Alabama Governor, and a decade as the redneck gadfly of American politics, **George Corley Wallace**, 59, was taking a break, and a crowd of 4,000 gathered in Montgomery to say goodbye. "I don't know whether there'll be any political future or not," Wallace told them, "so I'll just say so long for a while and God bless you." Earlier he had listened teary-eyed to words of tribute. "You might be sitting in that chair today, but to those of us who love you, you still stand and walk mighty tall," said **Jamie Etheredge**, mayor of Greenville. To be sure the fiery little politician left the corridors of power in style, the fans presented him with a black Lincoln Continental sedan.

Milestones

DIED. **Charles Mingus**, 56, virtuoso bassist and composer whose emotional, free-floating music helped shape modern jazz; of a heart attack after suffering from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease); in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Raised in the Watts district of Los Angeles, Mingus began studying bass in high school, later played with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker before forming his own combo in New York in the mid-'50s. Influenced strongly by blues and gospel, he began writing music that highlighted the bass as a solo instrument and featured contorted harmonies and quick-changing rhythms with sudden breaks and howls. Of burly build and mercurial temper, the bearded Mingus sometimes grew violent onstage when faced by inattentive audiences and became increasingly angered over treatment of blacks in the U.S., especially musicians. "Don't call me a jazz musician," he once complained. "The word jazz means nigger, discrimination, second-class citizenship, the back-of-the-bus bit!" Too crippled by disease to perform during his final year, Mingus nevertheless composed the music for an album by Joni Mitchell.

DIED. **William Yandell Elliott**, 82, courtly professor of history and political science at Harvard (1925-63) in Haywood, Va. A nonpartisan presidential adviser who served as vice chairman of the War Production Board during World War II, Elliott lectured a generation of undergraduates in Government I on the evils of totalitarianism and the need for a strongly armed America, as well as supervised the dissertations of Canada's Pierre Trudeau and Henry Kissinger, among others. "Whatever I have achieved," wrote the yet-to-be Secretary of State in 1963, "I owe importantly to his inspiration."

DIED. **Pier Luigi Nervi**, 87, Italian builder and architect famed for his graceful, dramatic structures of reinforced concrete; of a heart attack; in Rome. Originally trained in civil engineering, Nervi first began experimenting with concrete design when he constructed an all-concrete theater in Naples in 1927. He went on to create a strong, light blend of mortar and steel mesh called *ferrocemento* and, by casting major structural pieces at construction sites, managed to mold concrete into soaring, tilted buttresses and high, swooping ceilings. His finest buildings, critics agree, are the vast Exhibition Hall in Turin, Rome's sunburst-domed Palazzetto dello Sport and the oystershell-shaped, ribbed-concrete Pope Paul VI Audience Hall in the Vatican. In the U.S., his works include San Francisco Cathedral and New York City's George Washington Bridge Bus Station. Modest and hard-working, Nervi always considered himself an engineer rather than an architect; yet his work, once described as "poetry in concrete," earned him the 1964 gold medal of the American Institute of Architects.



"Hey, look everybody,
I found where George keeps the Chivas."

Living



In Midtown Manhattan, lunchtime buyers paw over street vendor's sweater selection

Peddling Pays

Sidewalk hustlers multiply

They stake out selling space on the sidewalks of the world's most populous and profitable avenues. They do not advertise their wares. A simple litany suffices: "Check it out ... Why pay more? ... Check it out." Fast-buck operators, masters of the quick hustle and the silver-tongued spiel, they are the street vendors of America, peddlers reincarnated from Dickensian England, catering to impulse buyers of every class and whim.

With today's high prices and soaring sales taxes, peddlers are finding eager customers in such disparate places as the Coconut Grove section of Miami, Washington, D.C.'s Capitol Hill, the French

Quarter of New Orleans and Manhattan's Wall Street. New York City, which issued 5,000 licenses to peddlers last year, actually harbors many more—more even than during the Depression. City officials note that there was a threefold increase in the number of peddlers in 1978 owing to a May court ruling that police must first issue a warning and then a summons before confiscating a street vendor's goods.

Many New York peddlers are new immigrants: Lebanese, Puerto Ricans and Africans who readily translate savvy from bazaars back home to the streets of Manhattan. Their merchandise too reflects a worldly variety. For lunchtime crowds there are Vietnamese bananacs, falafel, shish kebab, natural-dried fruit, roasted chestnuts. Peddlers sell both the staples of daily life (frying pans, long johns, um-

rellas, sweaters, gloves, watches) and the effluvia of pop culture (pot pipes, amulets, incense, beads and bells).

No small part of sidewalk sales' allure is the buyer's happy suspicion that he is getting a bargain on hot goods. Police note that most of the merchandise is legally obtained from wholesalers, but there are bargains to be had. In midtown Manhattan, Carl Britt of Newark, N.J., for instance, sells kitchenware from the back of his station wagon: for a set of pots marked to sell at \$69, he pays \$15 and charges \$20; for a set of dishes marked \$22.50, he pays \$7 and charges \$12.50.

L ucrative business, this, largely because there is almost no overhead, no rent, and, usually, no taxes. New York police estimate that a general-merchandise peddler makes an average of \$15,000 a year; some boast of taking in \$1,000 a day. Lobsang Khendup, 46, an enterprising woodcrafter in San Francisco, supports a wife and three sons on annual street sales of \$22,000. "What better job is there?" asks Ellis Cohen, 29, who sells her own homemade baked goods in Miami in the winter and in Portsmouth, N.H., in the summer. "I work for myself. If I get tired of Miami, I can set up business some place else without a lot of hassle."

Store owners are indignant. In response to the "peddler plague," and to help control the selling of drugs on the side, New York City Mayor Ed Koch last month recommended that all vendors be required to provide proof of state and city sales tax payment, and display the selling price of all items. Such rules would be even harder to enforce than the present regulation that puts some popular areas of the city off-limits. The public does not support clean-up efforts, apparently feeling that a patrolman's time might be better spent tracking down muggers than peddlers. Moreover, peddling is part of the city's tradition. At least one prominent Manhattan department store family, in fact, can trace its lineage back to a pushcart peddler.

Outboards for Skateboards

Leave it to California to take its own skateboard—that simple, sometimes dangerous and remarkably maneuverable device—and improve it. Improve it? Well, make it part of the highway culture, anyway. With a 1½-h.p. motor attached at the rear, a hand-held throttle that can act as a kind of brake and a 12-oz. gas tank, the new Motoboard, as they're called, can move a rider at up to 50 m.p.h. and cruise at 20 m.p.h. for about half an hour. They are already selling well both in the U.S. and abroad. "The beauty of this thing," says Jim Ruggedon, 28, who invented the item when he was a physics student at the University of California at Berkeley, "is that it can go anywhere." Even up hills, apparently, provided the surface is hard and smooth. Motoboarding is no cheap thrill, however. A standard Motoboard retails for \$339, the special custom model for \$590.





June 4 - 52 (tableform) and 1956 (Crete): crystalline light, rolling contours and the "wirey line of rectitude"

Art

Landscape on a Tabletop

In Washington, D.C., a major retrospective for Ben Nicholson

Some artists so possess their landscape that the real place, visited for the first time, can look like a replica of their work. France is full of examples—the banks of the Seine seen as a Monet, the imprint of Cézanne on the red earth and twisted roots of the Midi, the Matisse latent in every curlicued balcony in Nice. In the same way, Cornwall is Ben Nicholson's territory. Insistently, and often without depicting landscape at all, his paintings have altered several generations of responses to that green ledge of land, shelfed with granite and glittering in marine air, where the south of England finishes in the Atlantic.

Nicholson is coming up to his 85th birthday now. It is doubtful whether any other English artist has had a comparable effect on the development of abstract art. For several decades, his muted, delicately cut reliefs and abstracted images of still life and landscape formed the main link between English art and the cubist-constructivist tradition in Europe. Nicholson was born too late, and in the wrong country, to be one of the inventors of this tradition. Instead he became one of its most gifted, sensitive and celebrated propagators.

In the U.S., his work is well but incompletely known. For Americans, in fact, a full-scale retrospective show has long been needed to set in view the os-

motic Nicholson exchange between the worlds of natural and abstract form. Now, for the first time, one has been mounted. Organized last fall by Chief Curator Steven Nash at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, it will be at Washington's Hirshhorn Museum until Feb. 18.

The son of an artist whose specialty also was still life, Nicholson grew up in a visually literate milieu. Because it was English, it was conservative. Ben's first real contact with modern art did not occur until the 1920s, when he saw a Picasso in Paris. "It was what seemed to me then completely abstract," he recalled later, "and in the center there was an absolutely miraculous green—very deep, very potent and very real."

That sense of reality in the midst of abstraction, of the painting as an object rather than an image, would stay with Nicholson. It is not much to the fore in his first tentative cubist paintings, but it is evident in the severely geometric white reliefs Nicholson did in the 1930s under the spell of constructivism and Mondrian, and it pervades his later work. The viewer is always aware of material gently asserting itself: how the tobacco-brown

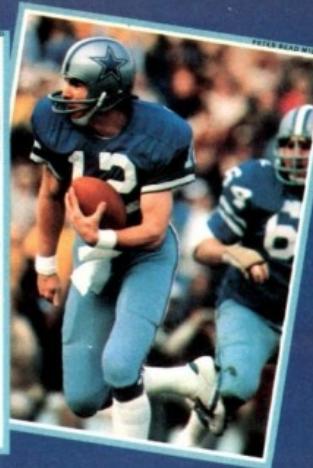
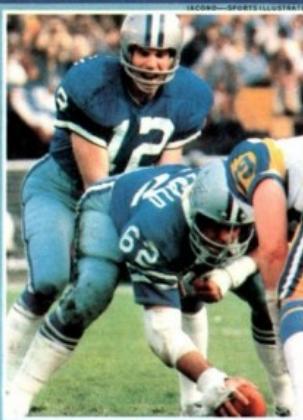
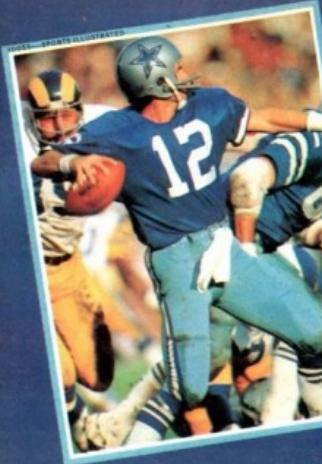
hardboard, rubbed and glazed with a powdery white or blue that clings to its surface like fog to a headland or lichen to a rock, has the reality of paper as well as the metaphoric function of paint. The work is seldom fully abstract however. The predilection for landscape that runs through English art surfaced again in Nicholson soon after 1939, when he went to live in Cornwall. The mild light of the peninsula, sometimes as crystalline as the Aegean, and its rolling, antique contours of moorland and coast, recur in hundreds of drawings and dozens of still-life and landscape paintings. Nicholson's favorite motif was that of the cubist Juan Gris: a view of objects on a table, vases, mugs, jugs, bowls, with a fragment of landscape seen through an open window behind, the two worlds—exterior and interior—compressed into a single overlapping image. Nothing is gratuitous, nothing fudged.

The sharp pencil line—Blake's "hard and wirey line of rectitude"—engraves the surface with a kind of moral certainty. A work like *June 4 - 52 (tableform)*, with the vestige of a dark, undulating horizon line assimilated into the play of the still life, is in its way a glimpse of paradise, a state where the conflicts of nature and culture are resolved in harmony. The ambition to achieve such harmony has all but vanished from painting today. In Ben Nicholson's work it is preserved, modestly but tenaciously, as though under glass.

—Robert Hughes



The painter in 1948



"My legs are decent," says Staubach. "They aren't what they were eight years ago, but my arm is. My arm is as good as it's ever been!"

Sport

Super Duel at the Super Bowl

Two great quarterbacks battle to cap their careers

Super Bowl XIII will turn on how well two talented but distinctly different men perform under fire. Sports Editor B.J. Phillips visited the Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry Bradshaw, and Reporter-Researcher Peter Ainslie sought out the Dallas Cowboys' Roger Staubach. Their findings:

STAUBACH: "You have a camera and it's focused downfield. All the other is a blur—the hands, the people, the movement—but your point of focus is beyond them. If you stare at the closer stuff so that you actually see a guy's arm or hand, then you're in trouble. There's an antenna, a sixth sense, inside you that directs the ball past the guy's hands."

Such is the view from behind the face mask of the Dallas Cowboys' Roger Staubach, one of the most calmly efficient quarterbacks in N.F.L. history. At 36, he is at the height of his skills. Roger the Dodger, the U.S. Naval Academy scrambler who came into the pros ten years ago with a pronounced tendency to gallop away with the ball, has long since matured into a sharp-eyed passer whose forte is picking apart the secondary, not romping down the sidelines. To avoid destruction, Staubach goes to ground with a hook slide that would do major league base runner proud: "My instincts resist it, but the coaches instilled it in me. The more experience I have, the less I have to run,

because my real asset is reading defenses and throwing to the right receiver."

Staubach did that often enough during the past season to rank near the top of pro quarterbacks in completions: 231 of 413 passes (55.9%) for 3,190 yds. and 25 touchdowns. The man whose legs won him the Heisman Trophy in 1963 now lives, as do all N.F.L. quarterbacks, by his arm. His hands, gnarled and disfigured, reflect his trade; the index finger on his throwing hand still shows the marks of off-season surgery, and the little finger on the same hand zigs at right angles from one fracture, then zags back again from a second break. It is these hands that will load the Dallas shotgun against a Pittsburgh defense that is skilled at masking its strategy with fake formations until the play is under way.

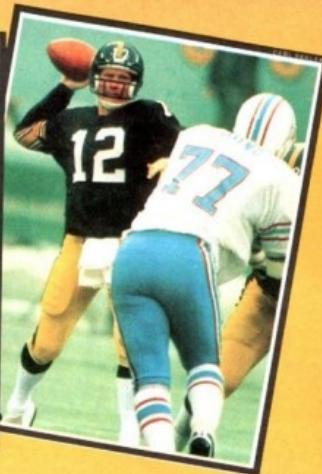
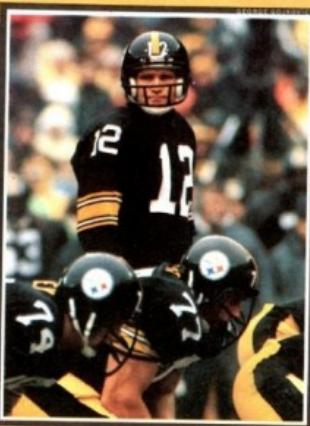
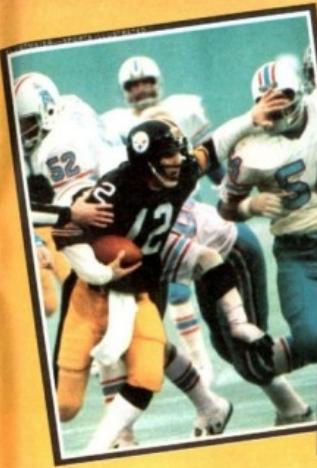
Utterly methodical in everything he does (father of five, he has a small library of volumes on child raising), Staubach is fascinated by the intellectual challenge of dissecting pro defenses, especially one as sophisticated as Pittsburgh's. "I'm really learning new things all the time," he insists. "I'm constantly growing." Head Coach Tom Landry calls the Dallas plays, and while Staubach would prefer otherwise, he admits that the system frees him to search for telltale flaws in a defense. Like Bradshaw, Staubach knows all the tactics that his opponents are likely to use

in given situations, but that is the easy part. The hard part will come when Staubach tries to spot the variations in the Steelers' defense—while on the run. Says he: "You 'key' on certain defenders—you see what they are doing and that tells you, ideally, what everybody else is doing."

Staubach's rapport with Drew Pearson, Billy Joe DuPree, Tony Hill and the rest of his fleet of receivers has been built, like all of his skills, on years of hard work. He has been playing football since age twelve, with four years off for Navy duty after graduation from Annapolis. Even in Viet Nam, however, Lieut. (jg) Staubach chucked a football on the docks at Da Nang. His arm is neither as poor as early detractors claimed nor as great as revisionists insist: just a good solid arm harnessed to the needs at hand.

Staubach's greatest asset, however, is his fierce competitiveness, fierce even by the standards of a league filled with men who brood for days after a defeat. In the simplest matters, Staubach's instincts inevitably take over. Says Wide Receiver Pearson: "He's 36, and I'm 27, and he doesn't want me to beat him in anything. We can just be running laps and it becomes competitive. He's keeping his ego intact because he says that he can still beat the younger guys, and I'm trying to keep mine because I don't want the older man to beat me. That's how he motivates, by doing, not by talking. He sets an example for all of us to follow."

By now Staubach has plenty of laurels to fall back on. Aside from his college triumphs, he led Dallas to Super Bowl



"The good thing that comes with success," says Bradshaw, "is that I've overcome so many barriers. At last I have the feeling I belong."

victories in 1972 and 1978. Yet, Landry says, "Roger is an unusual person—he loves football and doesn't get tired of playing it. When they reach his age, a lot of people lose the incentive." Staubach hopes he can play for three or four seasons. "Life is short," he says, "and football is still a challenge."

BRADSHAW: The week before the A.F.C. championship play-off game between the Steelers and the Houston Oilers, Pittsburgh Quarterback Terry Bradshaw was sick, and Rocky Bleier was worried. "Terry wasn't able to eat all week long, and I was concerned about how he would play," says Bleier, a running back who blocks like a lineman. "When he comes out fired up and cocky, our offense plays that way. But if he comes out tentative and unsure, we play that way too. So every day I asked him 'How are you?'" The answers were reassuring but unconvincing, until the morning of the game. Then Bleier and the Steelers got incontrovertible evidence that all was well with Terry Bradshaw, Louisiana cattle rancher and quarterback. "I saw him put a big old chaw of tobacco in his mouth, and if he could stomach that, he could stomach anything. That's when I knew everything was going to be all right."

Everything has indeed been all right for Terry Bradshaw, 30, in his ninth and finest season in the N.F.L. He led the Steelers to their third Super Bowl with a brilliant year: completing 207 of 368 passes (56.3%) for 2,995 yds. and 28 touchdows, and winning the A.P.'s N.F.L. Player of the Year Award. The No. 1 draft pick of 1970 has become the No. 1 quarterback of 1978, and nobody laughs about his chewing tobacco any more.

The climb to the top, like the social ac-

ceptability of a chaw, was not easily won. "My career has had several stepping-stones," Bradshaw admits, "and not all of them were up." Tall and handsome, with an arm strong enough to throw the ball halfway home to Grand Cane, La., he was touted as the salvation of a franchise that had wallowed among the perennial losers for years. But this blithe and simple country boy from small-time Louisiana Tech was totally unprepared for living in the goldfish bowl of pro football, much less playing to a chorus of boos. Says he: "I wanted so bad to make the Steelers a winner so they'd be proud of me. Maybe I wanted it too much, put too much pressure on myself."

The big kid had to learn under fire, not only how to play football with the big guys but how to handle life in the big time. His game alternated between sublime achievement and miserable failure. "I made mistakes, plenty of mistakes," Bradshaw says, "and some of them were stupid mistakes. From stupid, and dumb, and that's the image I've been stuck with."

It took Bradshaw four years to realize his enormous potential and lead the rebuilt Steelers to Super Bowl titles in 1974 and 1975. Despite this success, and this year's accolades, he still remembers, all too vividly, those nightmarish early years. "When I first came up, everything hurt me, all the talk about being too country, too dumb. The hardest thing was to be myself, so I withdrew. Now I'm me and I'm happy. It shows."

It shows in Bradshaw's private and public life. Married to Skating Star JoJo Starbuck, his second wife, he is at peace with a frantic home life split between Louisiana and Pittsburgh. On the field he has developed both a close relationship with

teammates and a mastery of his sport. Says Coach Chuck Noll: "Terry knows the game of football in all its complexity as well as any quarterback I've ever seen." Indeed, so complete is his understanding that the "dumb" quarterback, has become one of the game's top tacticians. Unlike the Cowboys' Staubach, he calls his own plays, and is respected around the N.F.L. for his skill at "audibles"—changing plays at the line of scrimmage.

Bradshaw has developed a kind of extrasensory system of communication with his talented receivers. Says Lynn Swann: "There are some balls that Terry throws and I catch that go beyond the timing or even beyond the play itself. It's as though the ball has his force and my force around it. I'll turn when I'm not supposed to turn, or turn early or turn late, and there's the ball. Terry has put my scent on it, and nobody else can possibly catch that ball but me." Addie John Stallworth, the other wide receiver whom Dallas must stop: "I used to see Terry and Lynn have that magic, and now it's starting to happen to me. You can't explain it, you just want more of it."

Even Bradshaw admits that this year has been special. "Last year I threw a pass to Swann, it's a good pass, a good catch, and somebody is right there to tackle him. This year I throw the same pass, and he zigs around four guys and goes into the end zone. Call it luck or magic or whatever, I like it." So do the Pittsburgh fans. As rugged as their team, they will be waving those orange-and-black towels in Miami to cheer on their country-boy quarterback as he struggles to win a third Super Bowl and establish the Steelers as the dominant pro football team of the '70s.



The future King's christening, with Victoria and Albert looking on; right, Edward's coronation, with his own son kneeling before him



Television

Princely Palaces, Animal Houses

Two new series feature a royal wastrel and a campus clown

Edward the King (Wednesdays, 8 p.m.). This year, as in the several preceding, the best shows on American television will probably have British accents. *Upstairs, Downstairs* has already returned, to loud hosannas. *I, Claudius* will be back in June, and *The Duchess of Duke Street* will carry on with new adventures next fall. This week what could be called the Mobil Network—a grouping of stations put together by the big oil company—will launch one of the most engrossing series of all, a 13-part program based on the life of Edward VII.

CBS bought the series from Britain's ITC Entertainment in 1974, at a cost of \$2.5 million. But it stayed in the vaults for almost four years while programming executives came and went, uncertain what to do with such a big and elegantly wrapped package. Eventually the network decided, remarkably enough, that it was not sufficiently American and sold it for \$1.8 million to Mobil, which will now show it on 49 stations throughout the country.

The history of CBS's flirtation with Edward is important only because it shows, once again, the creative impoverishment of the commercial networks, which are both intrigued and frightened by high-quality programs that cannot be tossed off for quick prestige. Slow in starting, like most of the other British imports, *Edward* gains power with each episode, and instead of falling off, as some series do, it becomes more absorbing with each hour.

The series begins a few months before Edward's birth in 1841 and finishes

with his death in 1910. Queen Victoria, played to near perfection by Annette Crosbie, changes from a wilful girl to an arrogant and inflexible old woman. Without altering the known facts, Crosbie manages to give depth to what must have been a rather dull, two-dimensional woman and even succeeds in making her likable. Prince Albert (Robert Hardy) is the one person Victoria seems to love. When he dies of typhoid, young Edward is accused of having worried him to death with his youthful womanizing and exuberant ways.

For the next 40 years, until she dies in 1901, Victoria refuses to let Edward, who is portrayed in his maturity by Timothy West, learn the craft of statesmanship or take on any of the duties that normally fall to the Prince of Wales. Edward becomes a public wastrel, negligent of both his beautiful Danish wife (portrayed in her later years by Helen Ryan) and his role as future King. Only when the old Queen dies does he come into his own, vowing to wear the crown with dignity, which indeed he does. Like Crosbie, West gives a finely tuned and modulated performance, making altogether believable that most difficult of roles, the errant prince who turns out to be a virtuous King.

Indeed, the only wrong note was struck in the U.S., where Robert MacNeil was hired to introduce each hour, the duty performed by Alastair Cooke on *Masterpiece Theater*. Only after seeing MacNeil, who fidgets through his banalities, does one realize how artful Cooke's introductions are.

Gerald Clarke

Delta House (Jan. 18, ABC, 8:30 p.m. E.S.T.). In a typical display of initiative and daring, all three networks have scheduled fraternity-house sitcoms for 1979. Two of the entries, CBS's *Co-ed Fever* and NBC's *Brothers and Sisters*, are rip-offs of *National Lampoon's Animal House*; ABC's *Delta House* is a spin-off. In the competitive circus of TV, where arcane distinctions mean everything, the ABC show has the decided edge. *Delta House* may not quite be *Animal House*, but at least it is the one genuine forgery.

The setting is again Faber College, circa 1962, and many of the characters from the hit movie are back. Though a few of the film's supporting players (John Vernon, Stephen Furst) have hitched up with the TV show, most of the roles have been recast. Realizing that John Belushi's maniacal Bluto is irreplaceable, the series' creators have wisely retired him from action. In *Delta House*, Bluto has fled Faber forever, to be succeeded by a younger brother known as Blotto. Josh Mostel, who plays the sibling, shares Belushi's girth but is otherwise attempting to create an "animal" of a different stripe. Where Bluto guzzled beer, Blotto guzzles beer bottles.

Delta House's first episode, written by the *Lampoon* veterans who created the movie, is always amusing. Alas, the original's gleeful sexual reveries cannot be duplicated on TV, but the antiauthoritarian tone is intact. There are even gags about Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Arnold Toynbee, thus placing *Delta House* roughly two intellectual cuts above CBS's pompous *The Paper Chase*. Let the viewer beware, however, for future episodes will be written by different hands. Should ABC fail to exercise strong quality control, this promising spin-off could quickly go into a tailspin.

Frank Rich

Music

Sea Airs and Striking Dreams

Folk Singer Gordon Bok fills empty vessels

A neighbor in Camden offers an observation: "Just because your cat's got kittens in the oven don't make them biscuits." And, for outlanders, an amplification: "Both his parents come from Philadelphia. He's not a down Easter. But he's working at it."

Working hard, at that, and long. If Camden, Me., has not yet fully accommodated Gordon Bok as one of its own, then Bok has assimilated the town, the state, the whole surf-sawed seacoast into his music. He has become the laureate of men who go down to the sea in ships, a salt-water mystic whose tales of treacherous tides and deadly storms tap into regional mythology and enlarge it.

Modest, resolute, scrupulous about sources and his own ambitions as well, Bok, 39, is the very model of a folk singer, a breed that passed from wide favor and fancy more than a decade ago. Yet Bok fans are ranged wide, across the country, over into Europe, and down into the classroom. One elementary school in Labrador energetically studied Bok's *The Hills of Isle au Haut* but somehow twisted the title into *The Hills of Ivanhoe*. He has never earned more than \$1,800 for a concert, and his record sales (15,000 tops) would get him bounced off any major label. Still, he is the star of tiny Folk-Legacy Records (studios in a converted barn in Sharon, Conn.) and hoards his privacy like a bashful miser. "I have a friend who accuses me of stepping into an alley every time opportunity comes my way," Bok reflects. "But I say that's better than having footprints all over you."

Bok stays out of the mainstream now, after flirting with what fellow Folkie Utah Phillips calls "the folkscare" of the 1960s. It was then that he made a "disastrous" album that flung him up against the lower regions of the pop music business. "I saw the grass on its bottom and the rot in its timbers," he claims. "I decided I didn't want to be a part of that."

It is unlikely that the business would have taken great interest in Bok, anyhow. His voice is a warm bass baritone. His songs—some original, some traditional—are sober, a little lofty on occasion, and limited in appeal by theme as well as sound. Among Bok's prime efforts are *Seal Djiril's Hymn* and *Peter Kagam and the Wind*, a 15-minute narrative ballad about a fisherman who is, one might say, married to a fishwife: "She was a seal, you know! Everyone knew that . . . But nobody would say it . . ."

"There is not a great tradition of music on the water in Maine," Bok points out. "If I wanted a song for a particular thing, I'd have to make it up if I couldn't

find it." Although Bok can now play a lively fiddler's reel on the guitar, craft did not come easy. "All you really need to start with is love," Bok says. "I don't have a natural voice. I've worked hard at it." Bok picked up guitar at nine, and though he could work out the notes, timing escaped him entirely. A Camden shipbuilder took the matter in hand, collared the lad and made him listen to Dixieland on the phonograph while Gordon thumped his foot to the beat.



In the harbor of Camden, Me., Gordon Bok turns his eyes toward shore

"I saw the grass on its bottom and the rot in its timbers."

Dixieland no longer has a place in Bok's music or in the far-flung reveries he shapes into lyrics. "I don't know anything about the rest of the people in the world," Bok concedes. "I have a pretty good idea—I meet quite a few folks—but I can't judge what's relevant." He further fesses up: "I find it very difficult to sing songs I can't connect with." Bok, however, can make some arcane connections. Sources for songs include Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, "an acquaintance with a few local seals," and a series of very striking dreams" that provide Bok with images of burnt skies and a world ruled by wind. He seasons his shanties with Gaelic and Eskimo and has attempted a Mongolian tune now and again too. "I don't sing anything I don't understand," Bok says. "But the Mongolians I learned these songs from didn't understand them too well either."

This ecumenical approach to music

—some might call it anthropological—probably came from his mother's side of the family. "They'd lost most of their Scottish-German traditions," Bok recalls. "But they'd sing anything. Scottish, South African, Jewish, anything." On his dad's side, there is the Curtis Institute of Music, founded by his grandmother. Grandfather Edward Bok was part of Curtis Publishing and longtime editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He wrote an autobiography titled *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, which Gordon had to read in school. His father Cary William, "a man of few words who once pitched semi-pro ball against Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig," left Curtis to run a shipyard in Camden. His uncle Curtis was a Pennsylvania

Supreme Court justice; his cousin Derek is now president of Harvard. Gordon, however, has declined the life of privilege, even though there are reminders of it all over town: several Camden landmarks were donated by his ancestors.

Bok lives with his wife Pat, a painter, in a cabin north of town. Next door is a two-story studio outfitted with recording apparatus, as well as tools for woodcarving, instrument making and boat designing. In his younger days, Bok earned his keep crewing on boats and working in the shipyards, but his voyages now are for recreation only. The long trips he reserves for his imagination. "A song is a vessel you fill with your living." Bok once wrote a definition full of fancy homespun that suits a man who calls himself "a traditional folk singer," but whose craft and dreams are directed toward something a little grander. Toward being a folk artist. As an anthropologist might say. ■

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Theater

Badges of Honor

THE GRAND TOUR

*Music and Lyrics by Jerry Herman
Book by Michael Stewart
and Mark Bramble*

Musicals have family trees these days. *The Grand Tour* found favor on Broadway as *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* in 1944 and again as a 1958 film titled *Me and the Colonel*. It deserves to stretch out its winning streak with the current version, which is endearing, amusing, exuberant and poignantly human.

The time is 1940, the starting place is Paris and the German armies are on the move to complete their Occupation. The odd couple who dominate the action are soldiers of ill fortune. The plight of S.L. Jacobowsky (Joel Grey) is dire; he is a Polish refugee Jew. He is also a Chaplinesque waif with the resilient ingenuity to trip up brute force. Colonel Tadeusz Boleslav Stjernbinsky (Ron Holgate) is a towering Polish nobleman full of caste prejudices. He has the voice of an opera star, and a conviction that war and patriotism are twin badges of honor.

This unlikely duo embark on a series of picaresque adventures that often involve the colonel's mistress Marianne, appealingly played by Florence Lacey. The score is as romantic as candlelight and wine, and the dances are robust in folk flavor. One waltz-like number between Jacobowsky and the colonel (*You I Like*) is a touching ode to friendship.

Joel Grey has never done finer work. His philosopher-clown seems to have wept beside the waters of Babylon, and he dances through the role with a balletic grace that makes him a *Fiddler on the run*.

— T.E. Kalem



Holgate and Grey in *Grand Tour*

Soldiers of ill fortune.

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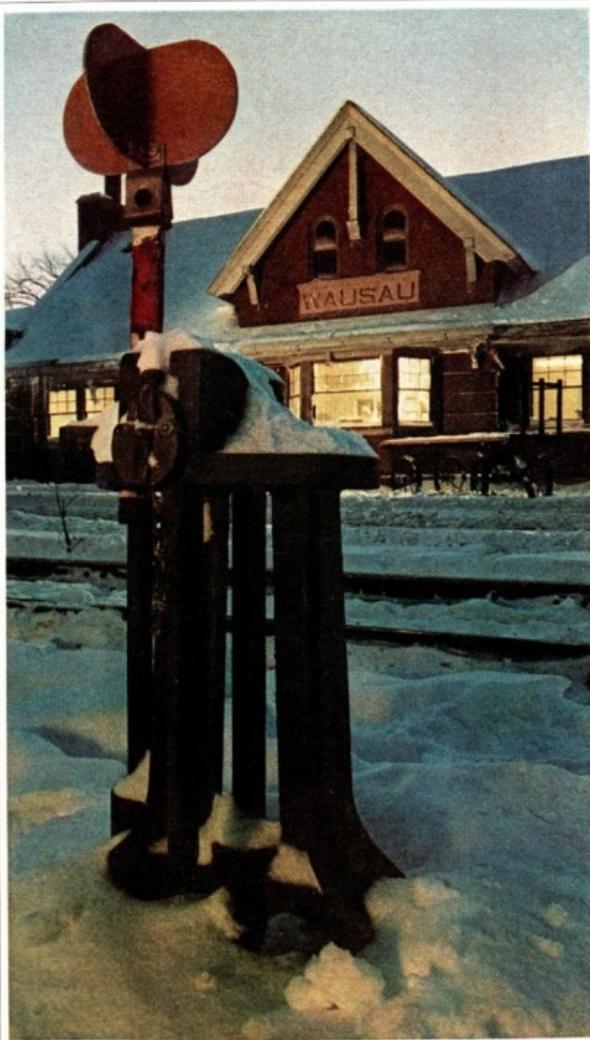
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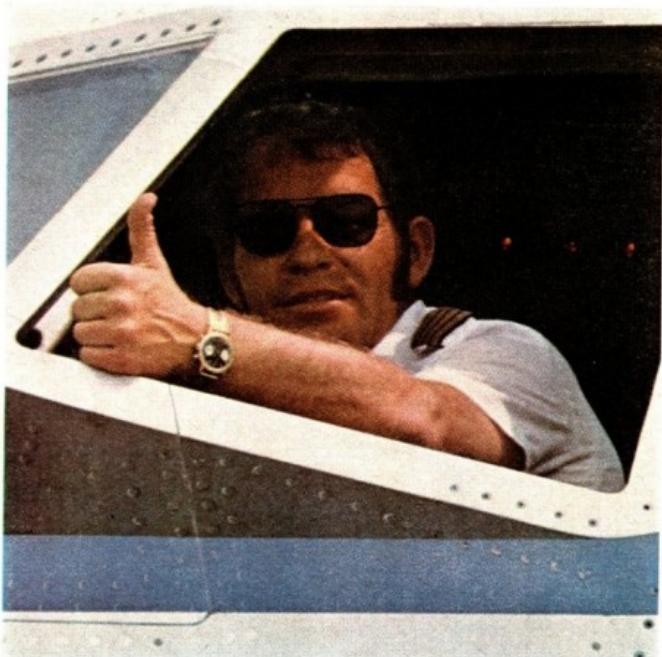
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Books

The Swabian Solipsist

HERMANN HESSE, PILGRIM OF CRISIS

by Ralph Freedman; Pantheon; 432 pages; \$15

In the late '60s and early '70s, the spine-cracked paperback editions of Hermann Hesse (*Steppenwolf*, *Siddhartha*, *Magister Ludi*) stood in a haphazard pile beside every mattress on the floor, next to the roach clips and Earth Shoes. The American counterculture claimed the Swabian mystic as a guru of its own discovery, its subterranean priest. That was perhaps an instructive case of self-absorbed audience imitating self-obsessed author. In fact, Hesse during his astonishingly long career had been appropriated by three other generations (in Germany, anyway) as their own secret voice. Hesse possessed a strange, lifelong affinity for adolescents, for their intense spiritual questing and abused sense of exclusion. The affinity was natural. The novelist remained something of an adolescent himself for all of his 85 years.

Hesse knew that he was "by no stretch of the imagination a storyteller." The fragmented 20th century, he thought, had destroyed the common cultural ground a writer needs to share with his audience. So he fabricated a sweeping drama of self-regard, of fictive autobiography and moral essay. Often, as in *Siddhartha*, he wrote in the mock profundities of fable enveloped in the incense of the East. The effects could be silly: "Govinda," said Siddhartha to his friend, "Govinda, come with me to the banyan tree. We will practice meditation." Hesse hung his earlier stories with neoromantic swags. In the middle period of *Steppenwolf*, he contrived a surreal kind of existentialism. In his masterpiece, *The Glass Bead Game* (or *Magister Ludi*, the English title), composed during precisely the years when Hitler consolidated his power, Hesse invented his own classical serenity, all civilization encoded in an infinite chess game to be played like the Pythagorean music of the spheres, but in a motionless universe. The book was completed in Hesse's Swiss redoubt at Montagnola just about the time that Dachau and Auschwitz were becoming busiest. An overheated concern with relevance was not one of Hesse's faults.

Yet his work fascinated his countrymen from around 1905 to his death in 1962. They ranked him with Thomas Mann. In 1946 Hesse won the Nobel Prize, principally for *The Glass Bead Game*. Despite what one critic called "his self-indulgent solipsism raised to a more or less fine art," his meditations obviously found a strong resonance with the pre-occupations and diseases of his century.

Ralph Freedman, a native of Germany who teaches comparative literature at



Hermann Hesse at work in 1960

The music of a motionless universe

Princeton, gives the author a fair and thorough hearing; his admiration for Hesse does not prevent his seeing clearly what an absurd and depressing character he could sometimes be. Freedman takes Hesse far too seriously, but perhaps any biographer is bound to, for Hesse was himself a painfully humorless man.

He was born in Calw, Württemberg,

the son of Pietist Christian missionaries who once worked in India. At age 14, he bought a gun and tried to use it on himself. A person pronounced it a case of "moral insanity." Melancholies came down on young Hermann like Black Forest fogs. All his life was surrounded by a disagreeable German neuroticism—hypochondria, threats of suicide, long rest cures at Baden, flirtations with alcoholism. Hesse was almost constantly in pain from eyestrain and other ailments, and was almost always in some stage of nervous breakdown (for a time, he was psychoanalyzed by Jung). In some clinical sense, he seemed to embody the breakdown of the century.

A narcissist is not a very good spiritual master. But in Hesse all kinds of ironies were at work. Despite his tortured self-preoccupation, he possessed a "genius for friendship." For a mystic, he was a very tough negotiator with his publishers. For all the fatuity of some of his spiritual excursions, he had at least some solid convictions rooted in the real world around him: a hatred of technology, for example. If action is character, of course, Hesse's honor was not served well by his comfortable Swiss silence during the Hitler years. His third wife, Ninon, was Jewish, but Hesse's mind was so torn by ambivalent impulses that he could not rouse himself to speak, even after his own works were banned by the Nazis.

Once in the '20s the pained introvert wrote his sister Adis: "Is it a pleasure to have been born human?" That self-pity kept wafting him back out of the world, into his spiritual dreams. Hesse had a lifelong romance with the East, but when he actually went there once in 1911 and saw the real thing, he was repelled. The Indians under the banyan tree were unwashed and miserable. It took poor Hesse years to recover his Brahminic daydream. When the unpleasant details had been sufficiently transformed in the shrewd loneliness of the author's brain, he was then ready to retail the spiritual East as art again. —Lance Morrow

Excerpt

Hesse had complicated feelings about Jews. On the one hand, Ninon was Jewish... At the same time he shared certain clichés about Jews that had already entered the language of the time. The word 'Aryan' crept into his personal letters... Especially revealing was a letter to his friend Josef Englert, written in 1933, in which Hesse wrote at length about the 'cowardice' of the German Jews, echoing the German Jewish prejudices against Eastern Jews in allowing himself a phrase like, 'One might almost say that it serves them right if that were not too cruel under the circumstances.' His lack of prejudice, by his lights, was underscored by the further remark that 'Jews, like Germans, include next to their rough, stupid, and cowardly majority, a fine, wise, brave minority.' And he praised Martin Buber for not having given in 'either to the German or to the cowardly German-Jewish kind.' Whatever his sentiments, these remarks suggest that he had absorbed, to some extent, the racist language of the day.



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Books

Pasteboard Parable

PROTEUS

by Morris West
Morrow; 324 pages; \$9.95

In the tiny group of consistently best-selling novelists, Morris West qualifies as the brains of the organization. That will give you, as Groucho Marx used to say, some idea of the organization. Still, West's popular fictions, like *The Devil's Advocate*, have regularly favored byplay over foreplay, concepts over jet-set conceits. Rather than reading the public mind, West has specialized in suggesting what it ought to be thinking.

This time his premise is grim and all too true. Innocent people are being kidnapped or blown up by terrorists, tortured and murdered by repressive regimes of all political stripes. West's question may be old, but it is nonetheless urgent: Is it possible to combat violence without becoming violent?

No, at least not in the pasteboard parable that West contrives. John Spada, an Italian American, runs his multinational conglomerate in the style of a medieval prince, but he is also, in the best postboiler parlance, "a man living a double life." When not wheeling and dealing, he heads Proteus, an apparently vast and clandestine club that liberates political prisoners. Proteus prefers handing out carrots to achieve its ends, but will use the stick when other means fail. Spada's crusade

becomes a vendetta when his daughter and her Argentine husband are arrested in Buenos Aires and brutalized by security police. He manages to rescue them both, and then, for reasons not entirely clear, is put on the hit list of any number of nasty organizations. In retaliation, Spada secures a toxic substance sufficient to hold the entire world for ransom. In short, he becomes the most terrible terrorist of them all.

If it is possible to ignore the moral issues that West himself raises and then drops, *Proteus* can be clear sailing. Connoisseurs of page-turners will feel right at home in a world where a woman can still be described as a "leggy redhead," where grins are "crooked," where a Jewish character says "oy vay" and a Scotman says "aye."

Escapists will revel in the hero, whose power and wealth lead to freedom that is the stuff of fantasy, and fantasy-fiction: "He could be a welcome guest anywhere across the continent. He could host a dozen luncheons. He could summon a harem of women, fly to Haiti or Honolulu or Honduras at the flash of a credit card." West's people may converse in bromides ("Let me put it this way," one observes. "It's lonely at the top"), but they get them wrong often enough to sustain suspense: "Men get drunk in high places. Sometimes they get illusions of grandeur."

West's neatest trick, though, is reserved for the end. One of the things that Spada demands, as the price for not poisoning mankind, is permission to address the General Assembly of the United Nations. In real life, of course, he could do so and no one would notice, but West ignores this for the sake of his artifice. The resulting episode is thus one of the neatest bits of whimsical invention since A.A. Milne created the heffalump. —Paul Gray

Upward Bound

MOUNTAIN PASSAGES

by Jeremy Bernstein
University of Nebraska Press
278 pages; \$12.50

As anyone who reads the literature can attest, most mountain climbers cannot write. Fair enough: most writers cannot climb. Jeremy Bernstein is the exception to both rules. When he is at sea level, Bernstein is a physics professor at Stevens Institute of Technology in New Jersey. He also contributes lucid and entertaining pieces to *The New Yorker* on such abstruse subjects as particle physics and summit-level mathematics. In his less cerebral hours, Bernstein ascends rock surfaces, especially those surrounding the Chamonix Valley of France, and writes compelling pieces about the peaks and the people who scale them.

The high-minded author begins his collection with an evocation of Chamonix and the tough, idiosyncratic guides who



Morris West
Drunk with illusions of grandeur.

U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

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Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report:

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11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar	nicotine
	mg.	mg.
Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than	1
Carlton Box	less than	0.5

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TIME
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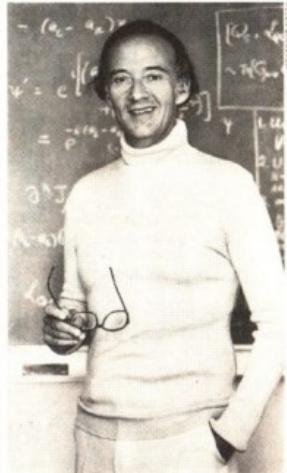
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Books



Jeremy Bernstein

Perfection of means and confusion of aims.

scratch a living from the surrounding Alps. He offers a beguiling portrait of his friend and mentor Claude Jaccoux, who is to climbers what Vince Lombardi was to football players. "I don't want you to panic," Jaccoux tells Bernstein as they prepare to ascend a pitch only slightly less steep than the side of the Empire State Building. Faced with such a command, Bernstein obeys. He draws an equally revealing picture of Equipment Designer Yvon Chouinard, whose 1972 catalogue Einstein: "A perfection of means and confusion of aims seems to be our main problem."

Bernstein displays a mastery of non-fiction suspense when he recounts an alpine rescue mission that involved 44 French troops, six mountain policemen, eight Chamonix guides, ten volunteers, 70 helicopter flights and a mile of climbing rope, and cost more than \$10,000, plus the life of one of the volunteer climbers. He shows a seasoned traveler's eye as he follows the circuitous route of Alexander the Great through Asia Minor into Pakistan.

Bernstein is at his best evoking the sounds and sights and terrors of a world that touches the sky. He observes that crampons (metal spikes attached to the soles of climbing boots) on frost make "the crunching sound of someone eating corn on the cob," then watches the benign sun become treacherous, turning glacier snow to sodden mush. His observations on climbing style might save a few bones: "Holding on to pitons is considered bad form but, as I see it, it beats falling." As a lagniappe, Bernstein an-

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Reflecting the richness and diversity of America's 350-year-old culinary heritage, the editors have chosen a wide variety of native American standards and ethnic adaptations, including recipes contributed by the nation's most formidable food experts — James Beard, Dione Lucas and Michael Field among them. The book includes 45 pages of mouth-watering color photos, plus a regional menu guide.

Here's a sampling of the book's delicious variety.

From New England:

Senator Lodge's Bean Soup ♦
Squibnocket Lamb Stew ♦
Wellesley Fudge Cake ♦
Boston Brown Bread

Roast ♦ Sour-cherry Pie ♦
Grouse with Brandied Orange
Stuffing

The South:

Maryland Deviled Crab ♦
Baked Bourbon-glazed Ham ♦
Plantation String Beans ♦
Leola's Cornbread

Eastern Heartland:
Philadelphia Pepper Pot ♦
Shaker Salad ♦ Broiled Long
Island Duckling ♦ Shoofly Pie

The Far West:

Chili con Queso ♦ San
Francisco Sourdough Bread ♦
Cioppino ♦ Bowl of the Wife of
Kit Carson

Creole-Acadian:
Crawfish Bisque ♦ Eggs Sardou
♦ Shrimp and Ham Jambalaya ♦
Pecan Lace Cookies

Northwest:

Shad Roe Pâté ♦ Swedish Pot

And from the American Melting Pot:
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Books

sweats the non-climber's classic question: Why?

Aficionados confronted with this query often take refuge in a mysticism more appropriate to the salons of Los Angeles than the sides of mountains. To Bernstein, the sport is, admittedly, "somewhat crazy." But, he adds, "there is a profound satisfaction in conquering one's deepest fears, a sort of spiritual satisfaction which in this age of televised and predigested experience is all but disappearing." Bernstein's descriptions of mountaineering are not likely to move the sedentary or increase the sales of boots and tents. Yet no one who reads *Mountain Passages* should have any trouble understanding why mountaineers are so addicted to the ascent.

—Peter Stoler

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Birdy*, William Wharton
Nostalgia for the Present, Andrei Voznesensky • *The Coup*, John Updike • *The Flounder*, Gunter Grass • *The Stories of John Cheever*, John Cheever • *The World According to Garp*, John Irving

NONFICTION: *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara W. Tuchman • *A Jew Today*, Else Wiesel • *American Caesar*, William Manchester • *E.M. Forster: A Life*, P.N. Furbank • *In Search of History*, Theodore H. White • *The Annotated Shakespeare*, A.L. Rowse • *The Culture of Narcissism*, Christopher Lasch

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. War and Remembrance, *Woolf* (last week)
2. Chesapeake, *Michener* (2)
3. Second Generation, *Fast* (4)
4. Fools Die, *Puzo* (5)
5. The Far Pavilions, *Kaye* (7)
6. The Stories of John Cheever, *Cheever* (3)
7. The Coup, *Updike* (8)
8. Evergreen, *Plain* (6)
9. The Praise Singer, *Renault*
10. The Empty Copper Sea, *MacDonald* (9)

NONFICTION

1. A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (2)
2. Mommie Dearest, *Crawford* (1)
3. American Caesar, *Manchester* (3)
4. Gnomes, *Huguen & Poortvliet* (4)
5. In Search of History, *White* (5)
6. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries —What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombbeck* (7)
7. Faeries, *Froud & Lee* (9)
8. Tutankhamun: The Untold Story, *Hawing* (9)
9. The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (8)
10. Jackie Oh!, *Kelley* (10)

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Time Essay

Have the Judges Done Too Much?

"In a pitilessly consistent democracy, judges would not be making law at all," said Judge Learned Hand. Why, then, he wondered, do people not resent it when they do? That was 35 years ago, when judges were for the most part more restrained about making new law than they are now. Today many Americans do resent an ever-more-activist judiciary. Beware, warns a vocal group of scholars: the Imperial Presidency may have faded, but now an Imperial Judiciary has the Republic in its clutches. The fear, as Constitutional Scholar Alexander Bickel once expressed it, is that too many federal judges view themselves as holding "roving commissions as problem solvers, charged with a duty to act when majoritarian institutions do not." Given license by a vague Constitution and malleable laws, and armed with their own rigorous sense of right and wrong, judges have been roving all over the lot: into school desegregation, voting rights, sex, mental health, the environment—the list goes on and on.

Judges do not just judge any more; they legislate, make policy, even administer. Indeed, says U.S. Court of Appeals Judge Irving Kaufman, "sometimes it seems that business, psychology and sociology degrees, in addition to a law degree, should be prerequisites for the federal bench." When Boston's duly elected school committee refused to bus schoolchildren, the local federal judge did it himself, right down to approving the bus routes. A federal judge in Alabama ruled that inadequate mental-health care is unconstitutional. So what is adequate? His answer was a list of 84 minimal standards, reaching down to a supply of hot water at 110° F. Result: while Alabama in 1971 spent \$14 million on its mental institutions, in 1973, after the court order, it spent \$58 million.

"Courts are not a budgeting agency," says Harvard Law School Professor Emeritus Paul Freund. "They see problems through a keyhole. What they ordain in the way of expenditures is not correlated with expenditures for other needs." To clean up state prisons, judges in Alabama, Rhode Island, Oklahoma and Louisiana have decreed elaborate instructions on food handling, hospital operations, recreation facilities, sanitation, laundry, painting and plumbing, including the number of inmates per toilet. In Virginia, a federal judge overruled a school-board ban on the publication of a high school poll on birth control; in New Mexico, a judge ruled that Mexican American children must have bilingual education. To save a three-inch fish, the snail darter, the U.S. Supreme Court stopped a \$116 million hydroelectric project in Tennessee.

With the 49% growth in the number of civil lawsuits since 1970, courts have seemingly become a forum for redress of all things unfair in life. Old judicial barriers that kept people out of court unless they had been personally harmed have been so loosened that not long ago the Supreme Court allowed five George Washington University law students to oppose a railroad-rate surcharge. Why? Because, the students argued, the surcharge would increase the cost of recyclable goods and thus mean more beer cans littering public parks. (They lost.) Conservatives like Yale Law Professor Robert Bork, who was U.S. Solicitor General during the Nixon Administration, understandably worry

that "democratic government gets pushed back and back, as judicial government takes over."

For all their power, judges remain remarkably unaccountable and unknown. Most state judges are elected, but by voters who usually have no idea whom they are voting for. Federal judges are appointed for life; they can be removed only by a two-thirds vote of the Senate, and so far only four have been so punished (the last in 1936). One despotic old coot, Judge Willis Ritter of Utah, was allowed to stay on the bench, despite his erratic behavior and abusive temper (he even threatened workers with contempt for making too much noise near the courtroom), until he died at 79 last year.

Façade men in black robes, judges speak a tongue that laymen find baffling. They are beholden only to higher judges,

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MICHAEL TROSMAN which means the Supreme Court is beholden to no one at all. Said blunt-spoken New Yorker Robert Jackson, a Supreme Court Justice in the Roosevelt and Truman years: "We are not final because we are infallible, but we are infallible because we are final."

Heralded into court by the baillif's command, "Hear ye! Hear ye!" (*Oyez! Oyez!* in the Supreme Court, which prefers Old French), judges understandably take an exalted view of themselves. An Indiana judge, sued for authorizing in 1971 the sterilization of a 15-year-old girl without her knowledge, proclaimed in his plea for judicial immunity: "An aura of deism is essential for the maintenance of respect for the judicial institution." The judge's claim of something like divine right worked: last March, the Supreme Court ruled, 5 to 3, that a judge could act maliciously, exceed his authority and even commit "grave procedural errors" and still be immune to personal-damage suits. Judges must be free to follow their own convictions, said the court, though Justice Potter Stewart

art dissembled: "A judge is not free, like a loose cannon, to inflict indiscriminate damage."

Letting judges roll around like untethered cannons seems indefensible at a time when the public clamor is all for accountability in government. Yet, before judges are judged too harshly, it is necessary to understand how they fit into the political process and became so powerful.

While the Constitution was going through the ratification process in 1788, Alexander Hamilton confidently predicted that the judiciary would be "the least dangerous" branch of the new Government, since judges would not have the power of the purse or of the sword. Indeed, the first Chief Justice of the United States, John Jay, who resigned to be Governor of New York, refused President John Adams' invitation to return, saying that the court lacked "weight and dignity." It was the fourth Chief Justice, John Marshall, who gave the federal bench real clout. Marshall, who believed that a judge should be responsible not to Congress or the President but only to "God and his own conscience," declared in *Marbury vs. Madison* (1803) that the judiciary had the right, indeed the duty, to strike down acts of Congress that conflicted with the Constitution. This right of judicial review had support from Federalists like the complacent



Essay

Hamilton, but it is far from explicit in the Constitution.

The Supreme Court did not use the power *Marbury* gave it for 54 years. When it did, with the *Dred Scott* decision of 1857, which struck down the Missouri Compromise and declared slaves to be property with no rights as citizens, it helped start the Civil War. During Reconstruction, the Constitution was amended to ensure that blacks were treated equally: no state, said the majestically vague 14th Amendment, shall deprive persons of "equal protection" or "due process" under the law.

Judges eventually found in the 14th their greatest tool of judicial review, but not for the reasons intended by the amendment's drafters. At the beginning of the 20th century, the 14th was used principally to protect property, not the disadvantaged. The court protected business from government regulation, thwarted unionization and struck down minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws. That trend began to fade only in the late 1930s, after F.D.R. threatened to "pack" the court with liberals to get his New Deal through.

By the '50s and the coming of the Warren Court, the roles were reversed. It was legislatures that were resisting reform, and the court that was pushing social change. The landmark of that era was *Brown vs. Board of Education* (1954), which established that separate was not equal in public schools. The 14th acquired new meaning: judges became guardians of the poor and forgotten. The criminally accused were guaranteed the right to free counsel when indigent, the right to a jury in a felony case, and, with *Miranda* (1966), the right to be told of their rights before confessing. Free-speech guarantees were widely extended; in the 1960s, electoral districts were reapportioned to ensure one-man, one-vote.

The Burger Court of the 1970s has proved less liberal, but it is hardly a model of judicial restraint. Rather, it is what scholars call "selectively activist," which some say means that its activism depends on whether or not it likes the result. One of its most activist decisions remains *Roe vs. Wade* (1973), which found in the Constitution an implicit right for women to have abortions. Although equal protection has of late been invoked less in the cause of the poor and the black, it has been extended to just about everyone else, including aliens, bastards and even 18-to-21-year-old males who were barred from drinking 3.2 beer in Oklahoma while women were not. And in areas the high bench has refused to enter, state courts are now active; for example, courts in New York, California, Ohio, Connecticut and New Jersey have mandated equal financing for school districts. Whatever restraint the courts have shown, says Harvard's Freund, are "edgies in the mainstream."

While listening to his brethren's legalistic arguments at Supreme Court conferences during the '60s, the late Chief Justice Earl Warren would impatiently interject, "Yes, yes, yes. But is it right? Is it good?" His stance remains at once noble and unsettling. Says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther: "Part of the price of their remarkable independence, tenure, reverence, is that judges are under a special obligation to justify their opinions, even if they got there by their guts originally." Judges are supposed to look for the intent of lawmakers, heed precedent, and hesitate to read their own moral views into the law.

Most important, the judges are bound to uphold the Constitution. But that is not an immutable piece of parchment that judges can apply to laws like litmus paper. It is rather a set of principles that have proved enduring partly because they are flexible. When the original Constitution was written in Hamilton's day, the U.S. was mostly a nation of small farmers who would have fallen on their pitchforks at the thought of today's complicated modern society, or of the broad role that Government plays in running it. By giving the Constitution new

meaning, the judiciary has allowed it to keep pace with change, to meet what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes called the "felt necessities of the time."

Moreover, as Kaufman argues, "it is not enough for justice to be declared. The judge must assure that justice is done." That is why judges get involved in decreeing drastic remedies, as in many school-busing decisions. Usually, a court does not start off by telling the state what to do; it just says what the state cannot do: it cannot stuff ten men into a cell built for two; it cannot provide one toilet per 200 inmates; it cannot warehouse mental patients like old furniture. Sometimes that is enough. One Massachusetts judge, hearing a suit protesting prison conditions, took state authorities on a tour of the prison and asked: "You're sure you really want to defend this case?" The state did not, and (wisely) accepted a consent decree to fix the place up. More often, the state does nothing, and the judge will call in the parties to work out a solution.

Thus judicial activism is in large part the product of legislative inaction. Says Yale's Bork: "Rather than making the tough choices, legislatures will frequently write a vague law, and pass [the hard decisions] off on the courts." A phenomenally litigious society also fuels judicial power; judges, after all, cannot make law without lawsuits. Toqueville observed more than a century ago that there is "hardly a political question in the United States which does not sooner or later turn into a judicial one." With the growth of Government, the power of the judiciary has naturally expanded. Thus public-interest groups that cannot sway legislatures will not hesitate to run off to the courts to get their "rights" upheld. Judges are often more likely to extend a sympathetic ear, less likely to get hamstrung by opposing interests.

Finally, democratic institutions simply are not as democratic as they look in civics textbooks. Bureaucrats, who actually run so much of government, may be as insulated from popular accountability as judges, and legislatures are notoriously swayed by special-interest groups. By offering redress to people with no special political clout, says Harvard Law School Professor Laurence Tribe, judges give otherwise disenfranchised groups a voice in the way public funds are spent and Government affects their lives. Activist Tribe complains that what really irks critics of an interventionist judiciary is not activism per se but the (often) liberal results. Says he: "The myth of the Imperial Judiciary is nothing but a mask for injustice." Or, as Civil Rights Lawyer Joseph Rauh puts it: "The Imperial Judiciary is simply the conservative doctrine of inaction dressed up in \$5 words."

Still, the feeling persists: the judges have gone too far. Sociologist Nathan Glazier says that the progression of judicially enforced rights has given the country "indigestion," like a boa constrictor that has swallowed a goat. Though judges rate high in public opinion surveys—a poll commissioned by the American Bar Association last year found that 77% believed that judges are "generally honest and fair"—politicians and public alike have begun agitating to make them more accountable for both their judgments and their conduct. But accountability should not come at the cost of compromising judicial independence. The U.S. at once prizes majority rule and individual freedom; an independent judiciary remains the best insurance that the former does not steamroll the latter. In the end, that means relying on judges themselves to exercise self-restraint. Few would ask the judges to undo all the rights they have advanced in the past 25 years. Yet, having done so much to change society, the judiciary might now pay more heed to the dictum of Justice Louis Brandeis: "The most important thing we do," he said, "is not doing."

—Evan Thomas



1818

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1886



1896

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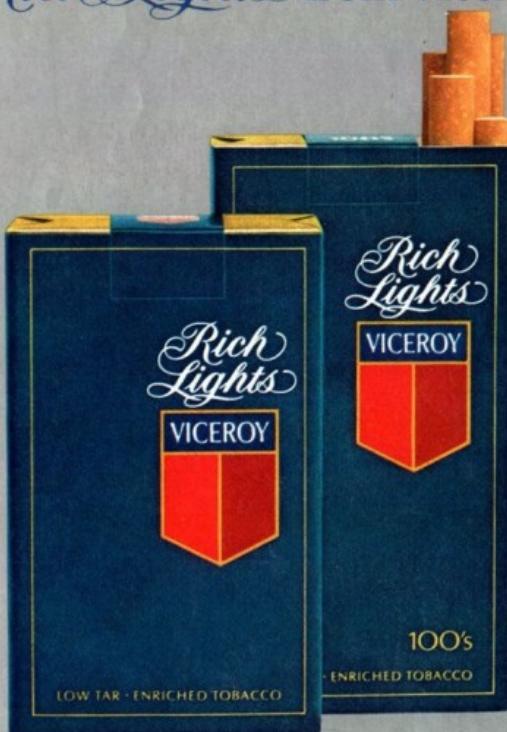
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